NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

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Ellen Thompson, the "Moll Buzzer."

Alexander Jerome, the Newark Burglar—Sketched from Life.

John Perkins Committing Suicide, After the Murder of His Wife, at Louisville, Ky.

A MURDEROUS NEGRO BURGLAR.

HE SHOOTS A WHITE WOMAN IN HIS NOCTURNAL FORAY.

Tempestuous Family Confusion.

The Felon Escapes Amid the Shadows.

HIS FLIGHT TO NEW YORK.

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A GERMAN GROCER IMPLICATED.

He is "Brought Up with a Round Turn" at the Station House.

Committal of the Burglar to a New Jersey Prison.

His History.

FULL CONFESSION OF HIS CRIME.

A negro burglary, strikingly marked and sensational in many of its features, was perpetrated on last New Year's morning at the private residence of Mr. Aaron Ward, Jr., living in Newark, New Jersey. The burglary was committed about 2 o'clock in the morning, during which Mrs. Ward was shot by the felon, the ball lodging in the luckless woman's left breast, just above the heart, though, fortunately, it is now believed not to be fatal. The infamous perpetrator was a negro, hitherto a comparitive stranger in Newark, and until lately, an inmate in the State Penitentiary at Trenton, whither he had been sent for a former burglary. He succeeded, after the murderous assault on Mrs. Ward, in effecting his escape from the house and retreating into congenial darkness, before any one could arrive to identify or arrest him, taking with him two valuable gold watches, the property, respectively, of Mrs. Ward and her husband, with a few other articles of lesser value. The black criminal was at first supposed to be a white man in a negro disguise, as it was thought quite unlikely that a solitary negro, alone and on his own individual responsibility, would have the audacity, and that confidence in his own rascally skill, as to venture upon such a burglary upon a citizen of the personal and social standing of Mr. W.; though Mrs. Ward continually insisted that the perpetrator was a veritable negro. And so the fact turns out to be. He committed the outrageous crime alone, unaided and unprompted by any one. This the felon freely confesses. All the leading circumstances connected with this latest negro depredation, from the commission of the crime and the escape of the criminal, down to and including his arrest, are so marked as to render them a proper

Charles Miller, Killed by Two Negroes in the Eighth Ward.

subject for a publication more in detail, than is usual in cases of a similar character. The offender is now in the Essex county prison at Newark, where we saw him and conversed with him on Saturday of last week, having made a special visit thither for the purpose. This colored depredator on the rights of property and life, is unquestionably a negro of the unadulterated acé of spades variety; for he is as black as Egyptian night personified, with the genuine African nose heavily and broadly flattened into genuine African proportions, and a physiological distribution and development in all other respects, in happy accord with his race and order. But perhaps a few of the personal reminisences of this

NEGRO BURGLAR

would not be inappropriate here, before entering more directly upon the narration of his Newark felony. Names were obviously cheap when this personage was christened, for he has a surplusage of them being known as Alexander Jerome, alias Andrew Stryker, alias George Johnson, alias George Thompson. The reader may be enlightened on the subject on this wealth of cognomens when we say, that this individual had only been discharged from the New Jersey State Prison, at Trenton, in November last, where he had served a term of six years. He had been sentenced for burglary from Somerset county for seven years, but after serving six of these years, he was pardoned for the balance of his term, as above stated. We also learn that he had before receiving his last sentence, been sentenced for another burglary for ten years, from New Brunswick, N. J., and after serving five of the ten years, he was pardoned again for the balance of that term.

So we perceive that this "American citizen] of African descent" has a State prison record already of considerable individuality. The name by which he distinguishes himself and which he avers to be his real name, is George Thompson. He is now about thirty-eight years old and was born in Middlesex county, New Jersey. His general occupation, when not in prison, since his maturity, has consisted in attendance upon horses and especially horses of imported stock. In this capacity he has been as far South as Macklin, Virginia. He has worked for a few days in one of our New York markets. According to his own statement he has no relatives at present living any where, neither father nor mother, sister or brother. He was never married and has no children, so that he is literally "alone in the world," living and moving and having his being on his own exclusive personal responsibility. Immediately after his discharge from prison, last November, he journeyed to this city. After a brief stay here he went to Paterson, N. J. He was quite a stranger in Newark up to the time of the commission of the burglary, having been absent the city only about a day and a half before he ventured upon the audacious felony. In personal appearance, as he impressed us when we saw him in the Essex county prison, he does not indicate the desperate character that the crimes charged upon him and of which he is undoubtedly guilty clearly prove him to be. On the contrary, his manner and bearing rather convey the idea of a species of timidity, being marked with a kind of diffidence and rustic embarrassment. Nor did his face express that God-forsaken brutality and devilishness we expected to meet. It was black to be sure—black as unmixed charcoal, but there rested on his physiognomy a species of obsequious and awkward good nature, that seemed to repel the idea of the chronic villain that he is. But still a close observation could detect a peculiarly sinister cle-

The Negro, Jerome, as First Discovered by Mrs. Ward, Robbing the Bureau.

ment, lurking around through the shadows of that countenance. And those more familiar with him aver this "sweetness" he displays, is prompted by his negro shrewdness and is assumed for a very distinct purpose, in anticipation of the sternness of his coming trial. He is about five feet seven inches high, not remarkable for stoutness of build, though carrying with him a pretty square shoulder, wearing, as before remarked, a complexion of uncompromising blackness, over which there spreads out a nose of considerable length, with a decided flat-boat proportion at the bow. He has a respectable negro forehead, with a cranium crowned with coating of the genuine kinky material, very thinly sprinkled with an infusion of incipient white, the spontaneous product, doubtless, of primeval piety. His face is slightly pock-marked, while he is further distinguished with a scar under his left ear. He weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, and his general demeanor in prison is marked with a quiet, unpresuming air. Such are the general characteristics of the negro who signalized his last New Years with a burglary, and an attempted murder. According to his own statement he entered upon this felony alone, without previous consultation with any one. He had only meditated the step a short time before. The house of Mr. Ward, where the burglary was committed, is situated in Clinton township, just outside the corporation limits of Newark, in Essex county, N. J. The negro claims to have been drinking freely before he started upon his guilty errand. Between one and two o'clock on last New Year's morning he reached the theatre of his contemplated robbery, and drunk as he was, he yet knew enough to effect his entry into the house by a stealthy passage through the basement window. All was still; it was the hour of profound slumber and most tranquil nocturnal repose. There were several parties asleep in the house, including Mr. Ward and his wife, the young children (twins) in a separate room, with one or two sons of Mr. Ward. In the midst of this scene the negro burglar and would-be murderer found his way mostly through the basement, doubtless feeling himself in his way to most things as might be expected for beer-seeking and drinking, until he reached the upper rooms in the house, on a level with the bedroom in which Mr. and Mrs. Ward were sleeping. He had brought the materials to make a light, by means simply known to himself, on his way in his passage-ways to the bedside. Among the several things on which he stumbled in the dining-room, was a bottle pretty well filled with brandy, which, in his eagerness to celebrate New Year's by the flowing bowl, he swallowed down almost entire. This dose was not long in producing its effect, especially when acting in co-operation with similar doses previously taken. But the "brandy smash" thus did not well fill the subterranean fire-place prepared to fall effect, before he crept upon his main purpose of his midnight foray. The gold watches, with the chains attached to them,

The stealthy burglar managed to "lift" these watches and chains and pocket them, without awakening the sleepers near him, and effected a successful retreat from the bed room. But by this time the inspiriting brandy began to tell, for the thieving forager, after he had reached the main room adjoining, run his stumbling corpus against things accidentally in his way, contrary to his stealthy policy. This inadvertent confusion awakened Mrs. Ward, who, without suspecting the cause, arose to go to a room near by, where a couple of infants where sleeping,

Assassination of Joseph Rosenbel[illegible] on Fourth Street, N. Y.

Henry Leslie Accidentally Shooting Abe Arnow, at [illegible] Street.

Rosenbaum Burke Shooting Mrs. Fanny Willard.

supposing the noise heard at that dead hour of night to have some connection with the restlessness of those children in their sleep. She accordingly passed out to the room of those children, without at first discovering the negro, he having managed somehow to conceal himself and his extemporised light in the shadows of that silent hour. Having visited the children and perceiving nothing, Mrs. Ward was returning, when suddenly she encountered the dusky presence of that coal black, thieving negro. Mr. Ward was at that moment yet sound asleep in his bed. The light in the negro's hand revealed his villainous features and the full blooded African order to which he belonged. He saw he was discovered. He had no time to lose, and so either to prevent an alarm or to destroy a witness, in much quicker time after Mrs. Ward first espied him than it has taken to write these few lines, he drew a convenient six-shooter he had at hand and, swift as thought, he emptied one of its chambers directly in the left breast of the unfortunate woman, felling her with a scream to the floor. Mr. Ward was at once awakened by the revolver report and the scream. The family was aroused. The negro, amid the household uproar, made a hurried escape, before any one had yet reached the room for the relief of Mrs. Ward; but in the excitement and haste of leaving he accidentally left his own hat, wearing away Mr. Ward's hat, which he had appropriated with his other plunder. This hat thus left behind furnished the sole original clue to his subsequent identification and arrest—another evidence that villainy, even in the hour of its triumph, is infallibly sure, such is the economy of God's moral providence, to spread around its own feet certain lurking toils that will entangle it to its ultimate destruction. The devil always in the end betrays those who have served him, especially if they have served him well. The burglar also carried off with him a fancy family ladle. When Mr. Ward, awakened by the scream of his wife and the pistol explosion, reached the room where Mrs. W. lay, he at once saw that she was the victim of that explosion. She was in great agony, as well from the terrible shock to her nervous system as from the pain of the wound itself. The other members of the family hurried around her, neighbors soon flocked in, and a physician was speedily sent for. Of course there was no time, under such distressing circumstances, to make chase after the fleeing negro, as Mrs. Ward's condition demanded all immediate attention. So the black burglar had plenty of time to make good his escape.

On the arrival of the surgeon the wound was probed, and on full examination, it was satisfactorily ascertained that the wound would not probably prove a mortal one, though all efforts failed to get out the ball. Thus Mrs. W. languished till the dawn of that New Years morning, when the news of the burglary and the murderous assault spread like a prairie fire over Newark. Everybody caught the intelligence, and everybody talked about it. The circumstance that it was a negro who had enacted the tragic deed, greatly aggravated the popular excitement and indignation, Mrs. Ward insisting from the first that it was a negro, though many others professed to believe that it must have been a white man disguised as a negro, and that Mrs. Ward, in her sudden shock and fright, was more likely to have been mistaken. This belief on the part of several was strengthened by one of those "trifles light as air," found in connection with the burglar's hat he had left behind him. On examining the felon's hat, a hair or hairs were said to have been found in it of undoubted Caucasian composition, without a kink in it and that the stray hairy fabric was thus clearly the product of a white man's cranium.

But this temporary theory failed to hold water, and its explosion only lent intenser aggravation to the general excitement. This excitement was still further inflamed by the fact of Mrs. Ward's peculiarly delicate condition, when the murderous assault was made upon her. The melancholy circumstance intensified the anxiety of relatives and friends, and spread over the city a wider and deeper volume of sympathy and indignation. If that negro could have been caught on that New Year's day in Newark, and fully identified as the perpetrator, such was the popular fury over the dastardly and atrocious character of the offence, he would undoubtedly have been hung up by the neck till he was dead on the nearest lamp-post. Mr. Ward himself is a prominent citizen of Newark, doing a large grocer business, and is estimated to be worth not less than a hundred thousand dollars. But this negro

MYSTERY OF INIQUITY

did not long remain a mystery. A hundred tongues were discussing the matter, and hundreds of other tongues were suggesting connecting links between the crime and the real culprit on that New Year's morning. Mr. Ward's store was also burglariously entered on that same night, and rifled of some holiday poultry, and it was at first supposed that the same burglar had committed both crimes. The store is situated about a mile from the house, on the corner of Broad and Court streets. The burglar entered the store by breaking a pane from the cellar window and a panel out of the door leading up into the store. All these circumstances, thus concurring, still further stimulated excitement and suspicion. The hat unluckily left at Mr. Ward's house, was "passed round" to one and another, and inspected, when finally it was brought to the attention of one who had seen the really guilty negro wearing it, and was positively identified by this individual. It was ascertained that the negro to whom the hat belonged had been lurking around Newark on the Sunday and Monday before New Year. It was found that he had talked with parties who were familiar with his felon record, who may be said in some sense to have that "fellow feeling" with him which makes us "wondrous kind," and to whom the burglar had actually and frankly communicated the fact of his willingness "to do a job." He had confessed to them that he had been trying a store, but in that instance his mercantile experiment had proved unsuccessful. In the midst of the convulsive agitation at Newark over the negro outrage, the aforesaid parties met both the City police and the Independent detectives, distinguished as the firm of R. A. Haggerty & Co., and communicated to both, the foregoing expressively pointed circumstances. Armed with this entering-wedge to the iniquitous mystery, the police hastened to Trenton to look over the State prison records, and they there found that Alexander Jerome, alias John Stryker, had been sentenced as heretofore detailed, and that he had been released from prison in November last. In addition to our former mention of Jerome's imprisonments, we may say, in addition, that he received yet another sentence for burglary (his first one) from Mercer county, and was sent this time for three years. His parents were slaves, and he was bought at Princeton by a man by the name of Johnson.

Thus furnished with a record of the undoubted culprit, and also with an accurate personal description of him, the police were ready to start upon his trail. But where was he? Where had he gone? That was the anxious question. An intensely spirited rivalry was developed between the City police and the Independent Detectives of Mr. Haggerty & Co., for the arrest of this black sinner. This rivalry was highly intensified by the several rewards offered for the arrest of the offender, one of these rewards being put forth by the Governor of the State on Wednesday morning, Jan. 2, and read as follows:

Whereas information has been communicated to me in due form of law, that on the morning of January the first, at the house of Aaron Ward in the township of Clinton, county of Essex, and State of New Jersey, a burglary was perpetrated under circumstances greatly aggravating the crime, by some person or persons unknown. Now, therefore, I, Marcus L. Ward, Governor of the State of New Jersey, by virtue of the authority vested in me by law, do issue this, my proclamation, and hereby offer a reward of five hundred dollars, to be paid out of the treasury of this State, for the apprehension and conviction of any person or persons who committed the said crime; and I do hereby, by virtue of the authority also vested in me by law, further offer a reward of two hundred dollars, to be paid out of the treasury of this State, for the apprehension or conviction of any person or persons who may have comforted, harbored or concealed the perpetrator of the burglary aforesaid, knowing the same to be guilty.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Trenton, this second day of January, A. D. 1867. MARCUS L. WARD.

H. N. CONGAR, Secretary.

Another reward was offered by the husband of the assaulted woman. Among the various personal characterizations given the police of the suspected negro was his footprint, which was said to measure eleven by four and a half inches. A pretty broad "understanding" for the scoundrel! While the other police bodies were scouring the country in various directions,

MR. HAGGERTY'S INDEPENDENT DETECTIVES,

under the direction of Mr. Charles Becker, one of the firm, concluded the villain had taken refuge in this city, and they accordingly started for this metropolis on Friday of last week. Mr. Becker brought with him a decoy, in the person of a man of peculiar qualifications, whose usefulness is well known by policemen for purposes of police exploration. This decoy had seen the suspected negro before, and could identify him. So with no other person with him, Mr. Becker proceeded at once to the negro neighborhood of Sullivan street, where the decoy soon spotted the desired negro amid a crowd of similar color, at a grocery store kept by a German at 115 Sullivan street. The police "pigeon" approached the dark complexioned burglar, Mr. Becker remaining at a distance, and familiarly said to him, "How are you, Jack?" Jack readily entered into conversation with the decoy after a word or two of explanation, and recognized him as an acquaintance. Mr. Becker was soon after called up and introduced to the negro as Mr. John Smith, of Brooklyn.

The object of this ruse will be seen presently. The negro was in close proximity to a swarm of other negroes, and it was feared by Mr. Becker that if he, with his decoy, undertook to effect the arrest there, the other negroes would flock to the relief of their dark brother, and thus get him away from the officer. Hence it was arranged by Mr. Becker with his "pigeon," that the latter should suggest a "job" to Jerome, in which all three would go in as partners and "put it through." The primary object of this was to get the negro away from that negro neighborhood. So when Mr. Becker was called up to the negro and introduced to him as John Smith, the conversation soon turned upon the point whether the negro was "ready for a job," to which the darkey gave a prompt affirmative response. Becker then asked the negro if he could "face powder," to which Jerome replied that he "had been there before and proved to be good beef." A burglary was then proposed. Becker had intimated a hat store in sight as the proposed subject of their operations. Jerome inquired if the necessary tools had been got; if not, he would take them around into another street, where they could be obtained. In order to allay any apprehensions, he was told that "the tools were got ready yesterday," meaning the Thursday directly before this Friday interview.

The negro was then asked to accompany his new acquaintance to a certain place which was named, and a ride on the street cars was proposed and assented to. The trio accordingly took the Green street cars, but they had not gone over a block and a half before the negro was becoming plainly suspicious of his new acquaintance. He began to show signs of restlessness, the officer, however, meanwhile keeping his eye steadily on him. At length the negro remarked that he "wouldn't go any further with them now, as he wanted to see a chap living near where they were passing." While at the same time he was remarking that he would meet them at any place they would name, he made a movement to stop from the car. The parties were at this time standing on the platform. Mr. Becker perceived this movement instantly, and he at once seized the negro, intercepting his stealthy movement. A scuffle at once ensued. The negro made a pass for his revolver, which Mr. Becker at once wrenched from him. But the struggle for mastery, though short, was fierce. In the contest, the negro was thrown down on the floor of the body of the car, with Mr. B. right upon him. The passengers were of course thrown into wild confusion by this sudden incident. They had no idea what it meant. In the confusion and struggle, frightened women, with their dresses all torn by the combatants, screamed for very life. But the stormy mystery was soon explained to very general satisfaction. The car was stopped. Two New York officers, Sergeant Wm. Cleary and officer Wm. McMurray, came up at this point. The negro was overpowered and handcuffed. He was also searched on the spot, when, in addition to the revolver, he was found to have on him a burglar's gimlet, a chisel, a skeleton key, and a kind of burglar's hook.

The revolver was the same one with which he had fired on Mrs. Ward. It had five loaded barrels and one empty chamber when the negro was arrested. The empty chamber, as the negro confessed, was the same one he had emptied on Mrs. Ward. The prisoner being thus searched and fully secured, the car drove on again as far as the Gerard House, where the negro was taken from the car and marched to the Third Precinct Station-house, when he was searched again. On this second search the negro grew restless again, and was observed to put something in his mouth. The officer suspected at once that the prisoner meant to swallow some pawnticket. And sure enough this suspicion proved correct. Mr. Becker seized the negro by the back of the neck and throat, and forced him to vomit back the pawntickets. And accordingly back they came, choking and tumbling out of his mouth. These tickets, however, proved to be tickets for other stolen goods, and not for watches. There was one ticket, however, for the soup ladle he had stolen from Mr. Ward. As further evidence against the negro, he was found with the hat of Mr. Ward on his woolly head, the same hat he had taken from that gentleman's house on the night of the burglary. After the second search at the station-house, Mr. Becker began to question the prisoner in regard to the whereabouts of the stolen watches. In the conversation it was discovered that the prisoner had a

BLACK DARLING

living in Thompson street, whom it was agreed upon that all should go and see. Mr. Becker was at once satisfied that that African doxy could tell where the watches were. The name of this beauty is Elizabeth July. On reaching the residence of Miss July, the officer found his suspicions concerning her relation to the watches confirmed. After a few genuine detective persuasives, the colored "gal" came down and told about one watch. Jerome, in the gratitude of his heart, had made the lady a present of that on New Year's morning. The female African had pawned that piece of jewelry for $12½, at the shop of C. Frederick, No. 134 Spring street. But she had given the ticket to another negro by the name of Jackson, who had formerly been in the Trenton Penitentiary with Jerome, and whom Miss July had urged to sell the ticket. The African Jackson was accordingly soon found, the ticket obtained from him, presented to the pawn-broker, and the watch redeemed by the officers paying the $12½. But this watch also had a gold chain belonging to it. This chain was yet missing. It had not been pawned with the watch.

On inquiring of Miss July respecting it, she at first refused to give any satisfaction. But like Capt. Scott's coon, she at length "came down" at the bidding of the officer. The chain was found to be hid away in the wench's house. At Mr. Becker's command, she finally went and brought it forth from among the shadows, and gave it to the officer. Here then was one watch and chain discovered. Now for the other. On further inquiry, this watch was found to have been handed to the aforesaid negro, Jackson, who had deposited it with a German grocer in Sullivan street in behalf of Jerome, on which the grocer had given Jackson eight dollars. The grocer was at once approached and the watch demanded. He at first refused, unless the eight dollars were returned to him. This was declined, when the grocer was arrested and taken to the station house, and there threatened with prosecution unless he gave up the watch forthwith. Upon reflection the grocer decided to "come down," just like Miss July, when he handed over the other watch and chain to Mr. Becker. The soup ladle was also found at another pawnshop and redeemed for sixty cents. This finished the recovery of all the lost property of Mr. Ward. Meanwhile Mr. Becker took Mr. Ward's hat from the colored gent's head and bought him a cap more suitable for his order.

Having thus finished all his work, Mr. Becker took the wise precaution, in anticipation of trouble from the popular sense of outrage on his arrival at Newark, to telegraph to Sheriff Ricaud of that place, to meet him at the Market street depot with the constabulary force, with which request the sheriff took immediate steps to conform. After the negro's guilt had thus been brought home to him by overwhelming evidence on every side, his African hardihood collapsed, and he made a clear breast confession of the whole crime to the officer.

Mr. Becker now started with his charge, heavily ironed, for Newark, reaching there about 6 o'clock P. M. On reaching the depot, the prisoner was at once marched, closely guarded, to the office of Justice Sanford, where satisfactory affidavits were made by Mr. Ward and Mr. Becker. During this brief preliminary examination, the prisoner said that he did not think he was shooting at a woman when he fired at Mrs. Ward, as that, bad as he might be, he would not knowingly have done under any circumstances; adding for this remark the sage reason that his mother was a woman. He was committed in full by the Justice, and safely lodged in jail, where he takes quietly the prison rations, to which he is fully accustomed. The New York officers were hospitably treated and thanked for their valuable services. The negro further confesses that on New Year's morning, after the burglary, he left Newark for this city by way of the Chestnut street ferry, and plankroad, passing on his way across the three policemen, and reaching this city about daylight. Since the negro's imprisonment in Newark, Mr. Becker has served the suspected negro before, and could identify him. So with no other person with him, Mr. Becker proceeded at once to the

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1867.

THE EXCISE LAW.—We are not disposed to attempt in any way to controvert the opinion of the Court of Appeals in pronouncing on the constitutionality of the Excise Law, as their decision sets the matter entirely at rest. They have, however, seen fit to enunciate doctrines which may be considered extra judicial, and which are so much at variance with regard to the effect of the constitution, that we must not omit the opportunity to put on record our most emphatic protest. The court says that

"It is the exercise of a judicial function of the most delicate nature, to declare an act of the Legislature void, and it is not to be expected that courts will assume it unless the case be plainly and clearly in derogation of constitutional limitations; nor is it expected that they will be zealous or astute to find grounds to thwart or defeat the Legislative will, or to resort to subtle or strained constructions to bring a Statute into conflict with the organic law. But it is to be expected that they will presume in favor of the constitutionality of a Statute, giving a liberal construction to uphold it and refrain from declaring Legislative action void, unless such a conclusion cannot be avoided."

The Constitution, as we understand it, is the supreme law of the State, and any act passed by the Legislature that conflicts with it is null and void *ab initio*. It is not necessary, as the judges say, that it must be so flagrant a violation of the organic law that the court cannot avoid declaring it void, but if it infringes upon the spirit of that constitution, the courts, if they act honestly, must declare it of no effect. It was not intended that the organic law should be the football of accidental majorities in the Legislature, but it was meant to restrain those majorities, and to protect the rights of the people generally against the encroachments of the Legislature, when brought about through error, or by being purchased like cattle in the market. Instead of being expected to presume in favor of the constitutionality of a law, or of giving a liberal construction to uphold it, courts are expected to give a strict construction to the Constitution, and any statute that infringes upon it in the remotest degree, especially when it in any way abridges the liberty of the citizen, should be declared null and void without hesitation. It was this view that governed the judge in this city who first passed upon the constitutionality of this act, and the extra judicial opinion of the Court of Appeals, which seems intended to cast a slur upon that gentleman, is as unjust as it was uncalled for. If the judge who first declared the law unconstitutional erred, it was the duty of the court of last resort to show wherein he erred, and when they went beyond that to cast a slur upon him, they committed a judicial outrage which will recoil upon themselves. When we have a new Constitution, we trust that at least the Court of Appeals will be removed entirely from the reach of partizans, and then we may hope to have judges placed on the bench who will give a strict construction to the organic law, and thus preserve intact the liberties of the people, which cannot be done while judges are found who declare that they will uphold the constitutionality of every law passed by the Legislature unless they cannot avoid it.

WHAT COMES OF DISSIPATION.—No matter how large a man's fortune may be, if it be committed to continuous dissipation, it inevitably will melt away. The man of wealth deceives himself egregiously in supposing that he can set apart a stated sum to meet the expenses of a daily or nightly debauch, and preserve the bulk of his property unimpaired. Not so. The excitement that to-night costs but fifty dollars, loses its attraction and becomes stale by the succeeding one, thus necessitating increased outlays to procure acceptable *pabulum* to gratify the vitiated tastes of the unfortunate victims of passion, hopelessly involved in the meshes of profligate dissipation. Truly their appetite grows by what it feeds upon; and so "the revel prospers," until the hapless debauchees have spent their last dollar, or drawn their last breath. This is the rule—its exemplification but too abundantly obtrudes upon our notice as we watch the current events of social life.

A very notable corroborative instance of what we assert is presented in the case of the young man, John Steele, who, in 1864–5, was known in Pennsylvania by the *soubriquet* of the "Oil Prince." We refer to his case, because it shows how vicious propensities frustrate the most favorable worldly opportunities, and the largest fortune may not withstand the destructive encroachments of the canker-tooth of persistent extravagance. Steele was the nephew of the widow McClintock, of Oildom, who, dying in 1864, left him some $200,000 in cash, and a daily income from oil-wells of over $2,000. Possessing such wealth, and confining his expenditures within reasonable bounds, Steele might have been worth a million at the end of the first year, and probably added as much to his capital yearly. But no; he let unbridled indulgence interpose between himself and his good fortune, squandered his money on wine, women, and at the gaming table, and in less than a year from the time he entered upon his career he had spent his last dollar, and the whilom millionaire is to-day the scantily paid attendant of a travelling minstrel troupe! His rise and fall afford to other young heirs a valuable lesson, if they will but improve it; of that, however, we fear there is no certainty. The lesson speaks also in cogent terms to the young men of this and other cities, whose incomes are but a few dollars a day, and who appear to believe that they can indulge in those fashionable vices to which Steele was addicted, and still live and prosper. The fast youths and young men who throng our streets by day and night, rushing headlong in the pursuit of unlawful pleasures, are very much mistaken if they suppose that the career they are now pursuing can be continued long, or serious disaster, if not disgrace, overtakes themselves and their blameless friends. Here and elsewhere, there are many who perfectly well know that they cannot afford the extravagance in which they are indulging, and many have ample reason to believe that they are now running riot on the downward path to ruin at the ruinous cost of other people. Many and many a position of trust and confidence is betrayed daily, and many a desk or till is pilfered by these fast youths in order to obtain the great pre-requisite for their nocturnal debaucheries. Our editorial records tell us that such cases are not imaginary, but are based upon a stratum of lamentable reality. Again we would advise fathers and employers to institute a rigid inquiry as to the habits and resources of their sons and employees. Were such inquiries carried out thoroughly, many would be startled by the startling revelations. At all events, they cannot be instituted too soon for the good of our youth and society in general.

THE WEAKER SEX.—We have said so much in relation to inflicting corporeal punishment upon girls at schools, that we do not know that it would be profitable to add anything more on the subject, but Dr. Marvel Wyman of Cambridge, who has been active in denouncing such outrages, has given such excellent reasons against the barbarity that we cannot refrain from inserting an extract from his pamphlet on the subject. He says:

"Why should not girls be treated as boys? Because girls are not boys. Every parent having children of both sexes knows that they have moral characteristics which at once distinguish them before they arrive at the school age. They are weaker in body and more sensitive in feeling, and are more occupied with the impression they make upon others long before they know its value. That delicate sense of propriety which distinguishes the woman has already its germs in the girl. They seem to know instinctively that they cannot rely upon physical strength, and as instinctively cling to others for support and protection. They are gentle, docile, confiding and affectionate. They exhibit these gentler qualities at home and in school in a thousand ways; they listen to every hint their teacher as she approaches in the morning; they run by her side, they seize her hand and evince their affection by kisses upon her cheek and rose upon her desk. The skilful and faithful teacher takes advantage of these qualities, especially of their docility, and so moulds them that corporal punishment is not only unnecessary, but it is cruelty.

"Physiologically she is different, and to this I would most earnestly beg your attention. Her blood corpuscles are smaller, her nervous system is a more delicate structure, her brain is lighter, and her muscles smaller; she is made for quickness and vivacity, but not for strength and endurance. The same reasons which prevent her from sharing the rougher games and plays of boys should protect her from suffering the harsher punishments of boys. She is more sensitive to internal emotions and external sensations; and I assert, without fear of contradiction, that no physician can be safely trusted to advise for the preservation of health or its restoration who disregards even the child the distinction of sex. The most eventful period of her physiological life is spent in schools. During this period there is not unfrequently mental uneasiness, irritability and depression, easily mistaken for peevishness and deficiency by the unwise, and I greatly fear has sometimes evoked punishment for that for which she is answerable to her God alone.

"With a sensitivity of nerve unknown in the other sex, she becomes a woman, with all a woman's refined sensibilities, hopes and fears. She now instinctively knows that upon the good impression she makes upon others are based her hopes for the future. If her physical organization is sensitive, her spiritual nature is doubly sensitive, and it is this which makes her what she is. It is in vain to count the number and weigh the severity of the blows which her parents and note the hours that elapsed before their marks disappear. Her spirit is wounded, she is disgraced and degraded; years may not efface the consequences. It is in this that stirs the sensibilities and brings down the censure of the greater part of the civilized world, and from none is that censure more severe than from the cultivated women. Strike not a woman, even with a feather, is the motto of civilization, and it is in accordance with the spirit of Christianity also."

We need not add a single word to this forcible exposition of Dr. Wyman, but we may embrace the opportunity to say that they are equally pertinent to the treatment ladies receive in these latter days in rail cars and other public conveyances, and it is full time a reform was brought about. Men, stout, hearty and athletic remain seated in the cars and allow frail and delicate women to be knocked about with the jolting of the cars, and to be brought into rude and even indecent contact with men thus destroying their sensibilities and undermining their moral instincts. We speak not now of their muscular inability to withstand a long journey standing on their feet or hanging by a strap, but to the great moral injury inflicted on every mans' daughter or wife or sister by this jumbling and crushing them between men by the rolling of the cars, now thrown on one side and then tossed to the other side, and perhaps into the lap of some gentleman who may be sitting at ease on the seat. There is not a day passes but that many ladies riding in the cars are brought into such an indeliate position with gentlemen as to greatly shock their sensibilities, and if the present state of affairs continues much longer virtue will be at a discount in all our large cities.

WHO IS TO BLAME?—We are receiving complaints from subscribers in relation to the non-delivery of our paper to them in time. Our paper is regularly mailed to each subscriber every week, and they should reach their destination anywhere inside of two hundred miles within twelve hours, and if they do not do so, the fault is with the post-offices, and not ours. The truth is that our Journal has become so interesting, and so much sought after, that those who are too penurious to pay for it will read it, so that they detain it on the way, and thus defraud us and wrong our subscribers. How to remedy the difficulty we know not. We cannot make our paper less interesting, so that these fellows will have no desire to waylay it, as that would be robbing ourselves as well as our subscribers. We will, however, try an experiment, and with a view of having our papers regularly delivered to our subscribers, we make the following proposition to continue open for three months. Every postmaster in post towns and villages, other than cities, who will send us a list of the names of the voters or male inhabitants of the village or town in which they are located, will be entitled to receive gratuitous a copy of our paper for one year. This proposition is so fair that we trust it will have the desired effect, and secure for our numerous subscribers the prompt delivery of their papers.

The family of Frank Geiver, [illegible], Wisconsin, was poisoned by strychnine [illegible] day. It had been purposely [illegible] pot, and they swallowed it while [illegible]. The supposed poisoner is an Italian, who [illegible] recently been discharged from service by Mr. Geiver. All were living up to 8 o'clock, Christmas night.

George Wise, of Washington county, Pa., was shooting hogs, and accidentally shot his child, in its mother's arms, inflicting a mortal wound, and severely injuring the mother.

OUTSIDE SENTIMENT.

There is really nothing to be commented upon in the musical and dramatic departments of news, except the fact that Miss E. Owens has appeared as Gilda and that Madame Ristori has given to the great creation of the grand and beautiful tragedy of "Camma," a drama which was written to suit her peculiar powers, and intended to evolve subtleties of character in which surpassed love and actual hate built that histrionic ovation of which Ristori alone had appeared in this role when she first came among us she would have created an immense sensation, and it would have ranked with the greatest impersonations which she has given us. We referred to this great piece of acting in our last, if we don't mistake, and we have since been to it for the purpose of saying that it is really great among the great things that fine women or genius have given to the American stage. She will remain for some time from the game of the New York season, and it remains to be seen if the people of the West are sufficiently educated in art to appreciate the grand impersonations of the great and leading [illegible] of the stage.

Mr. John Gilbert has appeared at the Broadway Theatre in a part that has succeeded very strongly in obtaining to greatness in his art that have been opened by his friends; we refer to Bourcicault's "Colleen Bawn," in which he sustained the title role. Mr. Owens is entirely at home in his acting of this part, and with half a dozen written for him it could not have been more adapted to his very great powers. A contemporary says, and we dislike the criticism, that the characters of the disinherited Duke and actor in our minds irresistibly unlike Mr. Owens' peculiar individuality. The former, however, is a refined French, in which the acting [illegible] was [illegible] among the [illegible] throughout the piece, some gentle feeling given to its grotesqueness a manner as to gain well-merited applause.

We may go beyond this and declare that Mr. Owens appears to better advantage as Gilbert than in anything that he has done on our stage, except *Duke Aranza*. If he had done that part, or had appeared in "Don" in London, he would have made a very decided mark and established a fame among our cousins across the water, that would have ranked him among the great ones of the drama of the day. We regret to say that his engagement will close with the present week. He will be succeeded by the Worrell sisters, who made a very favorable impression some months ago at Wood's Theatre. The truth is that Mr. Owens should be permanently located among us. Who will build him a theatre? Perhaps he may do the thing himself. If he should do so there will be no lack of patronage, and his talents, good taste and managerial knowledge will lead to a fortune.

"Ours," at Wallack's, is still the speciality of the day; it is drawing the people, and its scenery is appropriate and unusually good.

Mr. Booth is doing his round of characters at the Winter Garden, but gives us nothing new or which demands other criticism than we have already extended.

The Olympic is in a series of varied performances, among which the "Long Strike," (an excellent drama) stands prominent.

Niblo's Garden still rejoices in the "Black Crook," and Camp Stools and the Thalia is giving *German* opera with a *French prima donna*, Mdlle. Naddi.

There is nothing any where else that needs special comment.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, January 8th, 1867.

JUDGE PENROSE IN THE QUARTER SESSIONS.

The members of the bar, I mean those of them who practice in the Quarter Sessions, begin to express a good deal of surprise at the course of Judge Pierce, and not a little dissatisfaction at his sentences. The truth is, that the Judge can see through the thin cloud they raise about him, and in contradiction to the fabled Goddess, of Justice always keeps his eyes wide open. They would like a veil whom they could use or a fellow with no penetration whom they could hoodwink, who would take all their chaff as the best of wheat. On Saturday last, the Judge was called upon to pass a number of sentences, and he did them in a way that showed a thorough comprehension of the duties of his responsible position. One Thomas Summers, a ruffian who is said to have killed a man in Ireland, had been convicted of assaulting one Thomas Gallagher with intent to kill. No less than nine stabs had been inflicted on the body of Gallagher by the ruffian. From one cut in the abdomen the bowels of the man protruded, and it was almost a miracle that he survived his injuries. For about nine weeks he was in the hospital, and then came forth a changed man. Strangely enough, the jury had recommended to mercy the intended murderer, but this was not enough for the counsel. The elegant and eloquent Lucas Hirst, who defended Summers, made a motion for a new trial, and he urged it upon the Court with all the power of argument which he was capable of bringing to bear upon the subject. Judge Pierce listened to him with the utmost attention, indeed with somewhat wonderful patience, but the speech had no effect upon him. He could not be induced to agree to a new trial, even though the counsel threw in as an inducement that he would not address the jury on the second trial! When the Judge came to sentence Summers he characterized the offence in fitting terms, and said that the prisoner should be thankful that he had not taken the life of Gallagher, as it would have been murder. Five years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary was the sentence, and though it was richly deserved, it created no little surprise and alarm among violators of the law.

The next offender the Judge was called on to sentence was a young forger, one Samuel L. Tage, who, while a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Dunlap & Co., had forged a check on the Mechanics' Bank for over fourteen hundred dollars, and had drawn and run through most of the money. When the Judge called up the case the splendid Brooke, the Beau Brummell of our bar, since the departure of Counsellor Rankin to another field of labor, arose and made a moving appeal in the prisoner's behalf. Among other things, it was said that he was a young man of extraordinary intelligence! Ignorance is sometimes urged as an excuse for crime, but this was the first time I had ever heard extraordinary intelligence given as a reason for reducing a sentence. But there was another matter that the counsel thought should have some weight with the Judge. It was because the salary of Tage was a very small one! As he is only nineteen years old his expenditures ought not to have been heavy, unless he kept a fast horse and has a second Fanny Lee to lavish his money upon. Neither of these reasons, though argued with all the eloquence that the Cicero-like Brooke was capable of using, had any effect upon the Judge. Indeed, it is quite probable that the first had the effect to augment the punishment. Tage was sentenced to two years in the Eastern Penitentiary—not a very long term considering all things, but sufficiently so.

Counsellor Brooke was again upon his feet, when John J. Miller was called up for sentence. This prisoner was convicted on two bills of indictment, charging arson. The first was a very extensive one, probably the most extraordinary in the annals of crime. Miller is a man of reputation, one of a former member of the Legislature, and a [illegible] of some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had been engaged [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] did it is a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

eased, he declining to have anything more th her, The erring woman then went way. rs after Hutchings returned alone, having his companion, it seems. The affair got papers, of course, when the festive tonsor n a card, denying that he had anything to he woman other than that he consented to e of her on her journey through Canada. e reconciled himself to his loss, and the Lothario still flourishes, ready for another r as many as may offer.

A BOLD ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY.

nday night of last week a most daring at- t burglary was prevented by the watchful- the police. On the night specified, shortly 2 o'clock, officer Walbon, while pacing his w in the alley at the rear of the banking Messrs. Kellogg, Granger & Sabine, a than ovements attracted suspicion. As soon as bserved, the man gave an alarm; was joined men who emerged from the bank, when ran off. An examination of the premises a most systematic attempt on the part of strators, which, but for this timely discovery, ave resulted most disastrously, a large of money being stored in the bank. An had been effected by means of skeleton which they succeeded in making their way ear door of the banking office, which they by boring tools. Their surprise was so com- at they fled, leaving all the implements of a lled burglar, consisting of saws, files, chisels, es," drills, etc., of the most approved make.

ANOTHER BURGLARY.

e Friday night preceding that of the above the residence of Ex-Ald. Frank Phelps, on s street, was entered and robbed of a variety es worth in the aggregate about $300. On y detective Sullivan arrested a couple of ne- hile they were in the act of disposing of a of the property stolen to a second-hand They were taken before the police court and trial in default of bail in the sum of $2,000

AN EXTENSIVE ROW

d on Christmas night in a saloon on the cor- ranklin and Beaubien streets. The place is for the vilest characters, and on this occa- thronged with roughs and villains of the dye. Whiskey circulated freely, and in the rt of the night a fight broke out, in which ole crowd readily engaged. Pistols and ere used freely, and for a time the most s consequences were feared. The arrival olice put an end to the row, and the princi- lers were arrested. Several men were in- d a man named William Nolan was terribly ed. He was kicked and bruised severely and ab inflicted in his face. Numerous other nces occurred in various localities on the ght, but this was the most serious.

BIGAMY AND BASTARDY.

day Christian Frisch, a Teutonian sausage was arraigned before Justice Fecht, charged tardy by Mrs. Dorotha Hohlfeld. The pre- evidence reveals a most interesting and ul state of facts, the complainant confessing to be a bigamist. Nearly ten years ago she Hohlfeld, whom she deserted, and about rs since she married Frisch. The defendant ber of last year she gave birth to a child, n after left Frisch. She now brings suit for port of her child, her first husband having hile become reconciled to her, and acting now gent in the case.

A DESPERATE FIGHT.

ednesday night a fight occurred between two egro wenches, in a disreputable house on treet. The first of the two Amazons being d, fled for protection to a neighboring house, he other, named Mary Hill, followed her. he fight was renewed, when Hill, seizing a hivered it on the head and face of the other. ter, bleeding badly and presenting a frightful nce, fled to the police station. A detach- allied out from thence and arrested Hill and ntes of Lima house, seven in number. They ere fined sums varying from $30 to $50 each, Hill was held to answer to the charge of as- ith intent to kill. The affair grew out of

SUICIDE.

Christmas afternoon a poor devil of a Dutch- amed Frederick Schmidt, a printer by trade, girl gave him the sack at a dance the night , shot himself by firing off a gun, the muz- which he placed in his mouth.

THE POLICE BUSINESS.

e the institution of the Central Police Station in April last, there have been 1,299 cases dis- of. The fines collected amount to $6,964. The ses of the court, including salaries, amount $288 49, leaving a balance of $6,675 51 during ne months in which the court has been in ion.

CHICAGO.

RAND BLOW-OUT" AT THE SUNNYSIDE.

...ICTORIOUS WOE OF SUFFAINS THEVES and "Merchant Princes" Join in the Festivities.

, Women, Music, Fun, Frolic—Sociability Extraordinary.

range Scandal Case in the Superior Court.

ELEBRATED CONFIDENCE MAN IN LIMBO.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5, 1867.

ther week has passed, and another year has enced. An era of crime has closed, and the of another have been opened. As has been in the old year, so also in the new shall the rs of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE be fur- ed with graphic resumes of the ways of the d and the exploits of the abandoned outcasts iety in this, the western rival of the great n Gotham. In my last letter I promised your rs a report of the grand festival which was nced to take place at the "Sunnyside." In dance with that promise, and not, I beg you to e, for my own amusement, I attended the re- e affair, and can, therefore, entirely competent e a true and faithful report. Here it is:

GREAT BLOW-OUT AT THE "SUNNYSIDE"—THE ABLES PRESENT—WINE AND WOMEN, FUN AND LIC.

e feature of the New Year's Day was the "so- soires" at the "Sunnyside." Captain Hyman he radiant Anna Stafford having entered into rmenial state, determined to signalize this de- ul episode in their checkered career by giving t "blow-out" at their new hotel, in the sub-

In accordance with this intention, neatly ssed cards of invitation were prepared and tched to a "favored few." To guard against ntrusion of the "small fry," but a limited num- f invitations were issued, and these only to the of the *demi-monde*—the towering Roxanas and ly Statiras of Lorettedom, and their wealthy fast "friends" of the male persuasion. To give to the entertainment, several prominent mem- of the press were present, by especial solicita- A splendid band was also engaged to "dis- se sweet music," and enhance the festivity of occasion. The house was brilliantly illuminated, as approached from the south, presented a nificent spectacle—rivaling in brilliancy and ndor the fairy palace of Aladdin. Variegated ts flashed from windows and cupola, and the ry banner floated in grandeur and beauty, its estic folds illumined by the radiance of petro- 's subdued beams. In fact, the captain and lovely consort done everything in their er to render the *soiree* a success, and needless to say they succeeded. At an early r of the evening vehicles of every description an to arrive and deposit their freight of fair and gaile", occupants. Aspasias from the avenues, ning Sapphos from Wells street, Randolph street mboliers," Water street merchants, gentlemen isure, acute "fly-cops," and obtuse fops "on mash"—these were the characters of the atten- ts. As each succeeding carriage drove up, the tain received his guests in a manner worthy of ancient Boniface. It being New Year's night, as a majority of the women were holding *levees* their *maison de joie*, the crowd did not attain its ximum until about midnight; and then what a ne was presented! Every parlor and private m in the "resort" was filled with frail manity engaged in the pursuit of the bubble plea- re. On every side could be heard a constant fusi- e of popping champagne, while from the ball- m came wafted in soft cadence the "lascivious asings" of the orchestral instrumentation. Joy ned to be unconfined, notwithstanding the una- ous "lapse from virtue" of the gentle lassies d their loving swains, and the harrowing reminis- ces which such a lapse, according to orthodox thority, excites. In the ball-room was gathered ch a crowd as ne'er ball-room saw before. Seated ound the room, engrossed in conversation with eir "friends," or "tripping the light fantastic," ere the leading lorettes of Chicago—the women ho give "tone" to their nefarious calling. Jenny rowning was there with a bevy of her "boarders," was also Lou. Wallace, Fanny Hendricks, and hers equally well-known. Lou. Harper's *seraglio*, o. 219 Monroe street, was represented by Carrie atson, who, notwithstanding her "experience," is ill as blooming and festive as on the day which ret witnessed her temptation and fall. She bore the honors of the running, judging from the many "adolescents" and "smiles" who hovered around her and courted her smiles. Prominent among the smiles I noticed Leonard Rothgarber, the Jewish "friend in need," the "good fellow" concerning whom much has been, and much more will probably, be written; Ed. Jones, the auctioneer; George Eggleston, Nick Geary and Frank Tompkins, three well-known "sports"; Bill Ryan, the confidence man; Jim Daly, Tom Gothard and several other representative men of questionable antecedents. At midnight dancing was suspended, and the guests sat down to supper; and it was upon this occasion that old Tom Canham realized an equivalent for the outlay incurred in making preparations for the *fete*. Wine flowed around the festive board in ceaseless streams, and a spirit of emulation seemed to exist as to who should buy the most. One merchant in the city footed a wine bill for $480, another for $265, and others for smaller amounts. After the banquet songs of the guests departed, but the majority remained. Dancing was again resumed, countenances were wreathed in smiles, "lovely women stooped to folly," and a great many, like Mark Tapley, became exceedingly jolly.

About 4 o'clock this programme of the entertainment was exhausted, the "social evils" and their attendant cavaliers returned to the city, and the "New Years Sociable" at the "Sunnyside" was, like the day itself, among the things that were. Seldom has such a *soiree* been given in Chicago, or anywhere else. In all its attributes, it eclipsed anything of the kind ever given here before, in the beauty and frailty of the women, in the wealth and social position of some of the men—and the questionable reputation of others, in the elegance of the banquet and the sparkling effervescence of the champagne. Although announced as a "sociable," it partook more of the nature of a reunion, or family gathering, where near and dear friends met after an absence of years to celebrate in a sociable way the advent of the new year, and around the festive board, and 'midst the "giddy mazes of the dance," to conjure up reminiscences of the past and devise new schemes of action for the future. And it is well it should be thus. From gatherings like that at the "Sunnyside," where the "ostracised" of society meet, and where learning and social intercourse prevails, some good will necessarily follow. Many of the participants have not for years heard the music of the ball room, and they must be sunk low indeed to whom the soft, melodious cadences of music come without exercising a soothing, elevating and purifying influence. Others have been reserved in their communication with the outer world, and have lived in an atmosphere of their own, vitiated and corrupt. To them the festivity and harmony of a party has strange and soothing charms, and exciting a spirit of emulation among them relative to excellence and propriety of demeanor and action, it produces incalculable benefits to themselves and materially retards their descent to the "bottomless pit" of iniquity. In all its aspects the evening was one long to be remembered, and in the annals of Chicago, as an episode in its history, worth a precedent and probably without a subsequent.

A STRANGE SUIT—MARRIAGE, DIVORCE AND SLANDER.

Some months ago Ira Merrett, proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, was married to Miss Amy Clement. In less time by four months than nature permits, Mrs. Merrett became a mother, and for this reason her husband applied for and obtained a divorce. It is claimed that Mr. Merrett has, in conversation, alleged that John Dunham was the father of the child. In consequence of this allegation Dunham has prosecuted Merrett in the Superior Court, claiming $3,000 damages, in action of slander. The following is a copy of the affidavit:

"For about one year at divers times and places she (meaning one Amy Clement Merrett, alias Amy Clement,) committed fornication and had carnal connection with said John Dunham, (meaning this affiant,) and at the date of said marriage (meaning the certain marriage between the said Ira A. Merrett and the said Amy C. Merrett) she (meaning the said Amy C. Merrett,) was with child (meaning the said Amy C. Merrett was in the state of pregnancy and with child by this affiant for about four months,) and that the said John Dunham (meaning this affiant,) fraudulently and wilfully conspired to hurry about said marriage (meaning the said marriage between the said Ira A. Merrett and the said Amy C. Merrett,) in order to conceal the said illicit connection, and to indorse and impose upon the world as the child of me (meaning the said Isaac A. Merrett's.")

When this case comes before the court there will be some racy developments, all of which will be taken down and forwarded by your "indefatigable correspondent."

GONE TO PRISON.

All the efforts which been made to procure the pardon of Mollie Trussell have proved unavailing, and on Friday she was taken to the State Prison at Joliet. She goes away with a great deal of sympathy from many friends, and the hate of some few enemies, who are loud in denunciation of the jury for not making her term of imprisonment longer than one year.

The notorious confidence man and "wire," Bill Ryan, alias "Broken-nosed Bill," is again in "pickle." About a month since he took a $900 "trick" from a countryman, and left town to rusticate. He returned recently, thinking the matter was forgotten. A "fly," however, was on the alert, and Bill was arrested. Thursday morning he was arraigned at the Police Court before Justice Sturgis vant, but no prosecutor appearing against him, the charge was dismissed. Later in the day the victim of the "nice little game" arrived in the city, and, being made cognizant of Ryan's presence, another warrant was issued for his arrest. The case was again brought before the Court, when Ryan asked for a continuance. The request was granted, and he was held to bail in the sum of $500 until the 12th inst. This determination of the Court has excited an unusual amount of newspaper indignation, in the city on account of the smallness of the bail, which, of course, will be forfeited, leaving Ryan $400 ahead. The case, however, will probably never come up for trial, as the complaining witness is a resident of Iowa, where he is engaged in mercantile business which demands his presence. There is not the least doubt that the solicitation of a continuance was made with a view to retard the course of justice, by compelling the witnesses to leave the city.

"DODGER'S" EXPOSITIONS.

ELLEN THOMPSON, ALIAS ELIZABETH MCCORMICK, ALIAS KELLY, THE "MOLL," "BUZZER," "HOISTER," AND "PANEL" THIEF.—This "moll" was born in London, where she first went out to "graft" with the expert "buzzer" Tilly Sullivan—now living in Brooklyn. Their career was not prosperous in the beginning, as they were soon "pulled to rights" and "copped" two "stretches," at the expiration of which they concluded to emigrate. They arrived in New York some two years ago, and after taking a rest went out on the "hoist." Their antecedents not being known on this side of the water, they done well for a time, but Ellen preferred to explore the "clys" of strange "blokes," rather than to take her chance on the "hoist." So it was agreed that Nelly should act as "wire" while Tilly should "stall." The two "molls" done well for a time, until Nell had reason to believe that Tilly "weeded" a "poke," and the result was a "split." It was a bad day for Nell when she "split" with Tilly, for, although she has made a heap of "sugar," she has not a "century" to show. One of her most foolish exploits was getting "lush" one night and getting married to a notorious "gun" called Kelly. When sober she refused to "dose" with him, and went to Boston, where she was "pulled" last September for an attempt to pick a pocket. She was required to give bail in the sum of eight "centuries," which she procured, and "jumped the town." She came here, and after making a "stake" went to Philadelphia, where she was "pulled" and "done to rights." She says that she paid ten "centuries" to "square" that "job." Be that as it may, she was soon at liberty, and started back to "frog" and "toe." When the time came for her to go on trial on the Boston "job," she was not to be found. She left four "centuries" in the hands of her bondsman, and thought, of course, the "job" would be "squared." But the "beak" would not allow the thing to be "squared," and the bondsman being sued, had no alternative but to get the "moll" or to pay the eight "centuries." He came to this city in search of her, but Nelly always finds it convenient to go across the Hudson about the time her bondsman arrives in New York, and scarcely does he quit the city when the unterrified "gun" is working Broadway. Her bondsman, as a last resort, applied to the "coppers" at Headquarters to "pull" the "moll" for him, but the probability is that not one of the "coppers" in Mulberry street is "fly" to the "mug" of Nelly Thompson, the "hoister," etc.

I have good reasons for saying that she was in this city three days preceding New Year's, and that she visits a "drum" in Prince street as often as three times a week, and it is quite evident that the "fly cops" have something to learn when they are not "fly" to the "mug" of so "cocum" a "moll" as Nelly Thompson, especially where there are two "centuries" to be made by the job.

NOT A VAGRANT—Johnny Adams, the well known confidence operator, was arrested by two "fly cops" of the Fifth Ward, (perhaps it is libellous to call them "fly,") and taken to the Tombs Police Court. The two "cops" made their "davy" that Johnny, who had given himself the "moneker" of Allen, had no visible means of support; their mouthpiece held that even the confidence game was a visible means of support. Inspector Dilks, who was on hand to see to the interests of the community, claimed that Allen was a vagrant, in the legal sense of the word. The "beak" coincided with the Inspector, and "jugged" Johnny in the workhouse for three months. Adams couldn't appreciate the joke, and told his Honor he didn't care a d——n for his three "moons" on the Island—the great palladium of liberty. The "poor man's plaster," (a writ of habeas corpus,) was yet to be had before he went up. As good as his word, he employed some mouthpiece who sued out a writ, and the "poor man's plaster" released Adams from "hock."

THAT $250,000.—Billy Coleman is coming well out of that $250,000 that he took lately in Wall street. His "moll" is magnificently attired, but with all a woman's true love for her lover, she has set her household in order, and has opened negotiations for the restoration of Billy to liberty. Billy is now under arrest in Montreal, on a civil process for the recovery of the money, and unless he "forks over" the bonds, his liberation cannot be obtained inside of a year. The negotiations will result in the return of the bonds, the payment of the money, and the liberation of Coleman. Billy can explain how pressure left him the same as before.

AMERICAN "POOR MAN'S PLASTER."—Billy Tracey, who gave the name of Pat Cullen when last arrested, resorted to a writ of habeas corpus to get out of trouble. It appears that Billy and his "pals" were "working" the Fourth avenue cars on Christmas Eve, and their movements being observed by a "copper" named Farrell, he undertook to arrest him. They meant that he shouldn't be "copped," and got up a stake to rescue him. The officer, somewhat excited, drew his revolver and fired. The ball missed the thief and went crashing through Whelan's saloon, (under the Coroner's office), fairly "croaking" old Tom, the ball passing within a foot of his head. Billy, as soon as he heard the report of the repeater, drew out his "wipe," and shook it as a signal of capitulation. Billy, although arrested in Centre street, was taken up to Jefferson Market, and "jugged" on the charge of assaulting the officer. Professional bail was very properly refused, and Billy was sent below for trial. But he did not mean to be tried, and after procuring the "poor man's plaster," he obtained his discharge. The case was, of course, called up for trial on Saturday, but there was no Billy in prison to be tried. Farrell, as he went down the steps of the Tombs, looked very much like a man that was troubled with a flea in his ear.

ANOTHER PLASTER "SKINNER" was run in by a Third Ward "fly cop," on the charge of "working" the cars. He went through the "skinner" and found a little dirk knife in his possession. He wanted badly to bag his game, and preferred a charge of assault with intent to steal; he broke down on the examination. Then he preferred the charge of vagrancy; he broke down on that too. Vags. seldom wear a red "super" and "slaney," and can show an account with the Emigrant "jug" for three "centuries." Driven to his wits' end, the "copper" preferred the charge of carrying concealed weapons. To his inexpressible relief Skinner was bound over to answer the last charge. Skinner didn't mean to stand trial, and he, too, resorted to the "poor man's plaster," and a judge of the Supreme Court held that the committal was illegal, and ordered the discharge of the accused. Skinner was not long in giving leg bail when he heard the decision.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.—Whitty Bob, Barney Aaron, Blutch, Mulligan, Casey, and Jemmy Rose, have all "palled in" together, and now "work" in one solid "mob," and "take" all the theatres on Broadway, and this, too, in the presence of a majority of the detectives. Such a "mob" as this, if headed by a Grant of "knuckdom," could sweep down Wall street, like a whirlwind, from old Trinity to the river, and "clean out" every banking office as they went along. There are too many in this "mob" to pay. They will soon split off in pairs.

A DARK PROSPECT.—The prospect of the "molls" of Mike Weaver and Jemmy Mack going up the river is rather queer. All their efforts to "square" the complainant have been unavailing. If Mike does save his "moll," he will have to part with a considerable portion of his $3,000 and his coupons, and even then he will have to be thankful to see her lodged in the Penitentiary.

DEAD FOUL.—Mother Bennett has at last been "copped dead foul" for picking a pocket on a Jersey ferry boat. The "knucking" was done on this side as the boat started, but the lady "collared" her, found the dummy under her armpit, and when they got to the other side she gave the thief in charge of an officer. She gave the name of Madden this time. Although arrested in Jersey, she volunteered to come over here and be tried, and she did come without a requisition. The reason she assigned for being convicted was that she had been arrested five or six times in Jersey for "knucking" and "hoisting," and on every occasion the "cops" and others had "cleaned" her entirely out. She is now committed without bail, and saltpetre can't save her from the Dodge Club.

A SENSATIONAL CAPTAIN.—Captain Garland, of the Fourteenth Precinct, thought he made a big sensation when he made that grand descent on a gambling house a few Sunday nights ago, and "jugged" about forty gamesters. What has been the result of that grand splurge? Has it ended in smoke, and is the captain sorry he did not, like his predecessor, Long John, leave "well enough alone?" He made another sensational arrest lately of a woman named Nellie Hatch, who has for a "bloke" an ex-"spieler," ex-showman at booths. He charged her with robbing a man of his pocketbook while in her saloon, the Evening Star. Nellie admits being guilty of such a theft in years gone by, and left town to rusticate. He returned recently, thinking the matter was forgotten. A "fly," however, was on the alert, and Bill was arrested. Thursday morning he was arraigned at the Police Court before Justice Sturgis vant, but no prosecutor appearing against him, the charge was dismissed. Later in the day the victim of the "nice little game" arrived in the city, and, being made cognizant of Ryan's presence, another warrant was issued for his arrest. The case was again brought before the Court, when Ryan asked for a continuance. The request was granted, and he was held to bail in the sum of $500 until the 12th inst. This determination of the Court has excited an unusual amount of newspaper indignation, in the city on account of the smallness of the bail, which, of course, will be forfeited, leaving Ryan $400 ahead. The case, however, will probably never come up for trial, as the complaining witness is a resident of Iowa, where he is engaged in mercantile business which demands his presence. There is not the least doubt that the solicitation of a continuance was made with a view to retard the course of justice, by compelling the witnesses to leave the city.

LOVE, MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

An Enamored Policeman Kills His Sweetheart and then Blows Out His Own Brains.

The Victim a Printer and an Authoress.

Interesting Biography of the Lady.

There are three crimes prevalent in this country, which must ultimately bring it to a very low ebb, morally speaking—the crimes of adultery, murder and burglary. Day after day, some shocking, bloody and fearful tragedy, where human life has been sacrificed with as little compunction as if it were the mere killing of vermin, comes up. This murderous practice is not confined to any section of the country. It prevails in every quarter; it is not peculiar to any part of the United States. It seems to permeate the country generally. The knife, the dirk and the bullet appear to be the instruments which are most prevalent in the social intercourse of a certain class of our people. A word and a blow, and death following, appears to be the programme. How far this *rôle* is to go none can tell.

Day after day, too, we are called upon to chronicle breaches of the marriage relation, sometimes on the part of the husband—not less frequently on the part of the wife—followed by separation from bed and board, or a full separation, or, as the law calls it, a *vinculo matrimonii*.

Next we have the burglarious criminal, who is a murderer in his heart if not in his act, but a murderer according to circumstances. If he can get off with his "swag" without violence, well and good; if not, murder is sure to follow.

To be obliged to make these crimes so constant a theme is painful and humiliating. Talk of "linked sweetness long drawn out." It is linked criminality long drawn out that we have to deal with.

The efforts of our able and efficient District Attorney Hall, and his *fidus Achates* Bedford, and the rapid action of Recorder Hackett and City Judge Russell, do not appear to abate the bloated criminal calendar month after month.

Murder—red-handed murder—is prevalent, rampant, notwithstanding all the efforts of our criminal judiciary; and perhaps a more sad case of this kind has not occurred for some time than the murder of the poor woman, Mrs. Willard, followed by the suicide of the murderer. The sensation caused by this double crime has been of the most painful character, no less by the acts themselves, than the melancholy circumstances which appear to have led to it.

To descend to particulars and eschew generalities let us describe this fearful outrage, which terminated in the death of two human beings.

THE VICTIM.

Mrs. Willard, a lady of many rare and peculiar gifts, was murdered on Saturday evening by Bourdon, alias Thomas H. Burke, of the Seventh Precinct, who immediately shot himself through the head after the murder. The wretched act took place in the lady's boarding house, on the southeast corner of Twentieth street and Ninth avenue.

THE CAUSE WHICH LED TO IT.

Burke, the assassin and suicide, was a man of good personal appearance. He was a man of good education, to judge from the letter we give below. When, and under what circumstances he met Mrs. Willard, it is not now ascertainable; but that a warm intimacy existed between them to beyond doubt; that, in fact, lovers, even if nothing more; although it is believed that a tenderer relation, if possible, alone had existed between them.

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

It appears, from all we have been able to ascertain that, notwithstanding the close intimacy which existed between the parties, that the lady decided to get rid of Burke. That the unfortunate man was deeply attached to the unhappy woman there can be no doubt whatever. What the immediate cause was which led to the murder, the accounts are conflicting. But the following testimony of the boarding-house keeper, given before the coroner, will give some idea of the murder and suicide and what appears to have led to it:

Sophia A. Vandemark, residing at 140 Ninth avenue, deposed that the deceased had lived with her as a boarder since last October a year, and occupied the front parlor; she went to her place of business yesterday morning, and came back between four and five o'clock P. M.; I saw her when she came back; [illegible] strike was in the habit of visiting the deceased. Thomas [illegible] understood that he was a police officer; about 6 o'clock [illegible] yesterday afternoon he came to the house; I let him in; [illegible] he went up to Mrs. Willard when he came, and went into her room; he was dressed in citizen's clothes; when he came here yesterday his face appeared to be flushed, and he was somewhat excited; I heard him calling to Mrs. Willard, but did not hear what he said; I went down stairs, and in about fifteen minutes after Mrs. Willard came down to get some coal; she remarked that she hoped the candle would not go out; deceased did not get the coal; she left the coal scuttle and candle at the foot of the stairs and went back to her room; the deceased had just about time to get to her room when I heard the first pistol shot; I heard the deceased scream; I ran to the foot of the stairs and heard the deceased run towards the stairs, when I heard the report of the pistol again; I heard the report of the pistol the third time and then I came up stairs and ran into deceased's parlor, and saw Burke lying on the floor bleeding from the head; I looked round the room to see the deceased, but she was not there; I then went into the back room and then into a bedroom adjoining and saw the deceased lying on the bed; when I went into the front room I saw a pistol lying near Burke's head; the one shown now looks like the pistol I saw; the police were notified and the body removed from the house; I have had some conversation with Mrs. Willard in regard to Burke; she said he had proposed marriage to her and that she had accepted him; last July she told me that they were going to get married on Thanksgiving day; since that time she told me that she had altered her mind and was not going to marry Burke.

STILL FURTHER.

For some days past she had been heard to remark that she was pursued by a man who had made proposals of marriage to her; but that she had refused him, and she did not know how to get rid of him. As she neared her residence last evening, she was observed to stop and speak to a young man, and shortly after entering, he followed her to her room. After some time Mrs. Willard was heard to exclaim, as if vexed, "Tom, you can have the room to yourself;" and soon after she proceeded down stairs. The man then passed out, and met her on her return, when he drew a pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in her left breast. The unfortunate woman fell into a bed-room near, exclaiming, "I am shot!" when Burke fired again, and the ball entering the room, and lodging in the cheek of Mr. H. Leeds, who was there at the time, and who had a very narrow escape from death. He then placed the muzzle of the pistol to his own head and fired, the ball entering the brain. He was taken to the hospital, where he died in about an hour.

The following letters have come out on the inquest. They bespeak great love, in fact, passion on both sides. But as was said by the greatest authority

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

MRS. WILLARD'S LETTER.

WORLD OFFICE, NEW YORK, May 17, 1866.

I am so disappointed in failing to find you to-day, dear, that I have been indulging in a "good cry." It seems to me that I would give a year of my life for a sight of your dear face, and the touch of your lips to mine. I looked for you this noon, but in vain. There were no blue eyes watering for me, it seems, and no pleasant smile to welcome me. You cannot imagine how I miss you, even in these little ways. Why my heart felt like a heavy stone in my bosom when I came back to the office. Will you think of me tonight, I wonder? Please fancy, if you can, that I am with you, even as I would be if I could, and I send you a hundred kisses, and a heart full of the most devoted love.

How can I go away without seeing you, even for just a little? I am tempted to-day until Saturday evening, so I may see you to-morrow evening, at which time I suppose you will been duty. Oh, dear! how provoking it is to know that you are only a couple of blocks distant from me now, and yet I cannot see you, but must go home as dreary as a bird that has lost its mate. Well, it is something to know what a dear, patient, good-hearted darling I have got, for you must know I consider that you belong to me exclusively, and no one else has any right to call you personally, or to love you, either. And I am jealous of my possessions, I assure you. I wish you would think enough of me to write me one letter while I am gone. Direct to Middletown, Conn. Will you, dear?

Ah! if you were only going with me, Tom, I should be the happiest little woman in the world. We should be so happy together, for I would not tease you in the least. Don't you believe it? Well, I shall have your picture, and, looking in its eyes, will try to fancy the original near me. I expect I shall have it quite worn out pretty soon, and then I shall be obliged to have another one, which I hope will be more natural. You must excuse this paper and envelope, my dear, for it is the only kind we use here and I must mail the letter before I go home.

I love you—no, I don't mean that, for you don't believe in any such things, you know. But I mean today that I like you so much that it is very hard to say good night now, and good by. Again and again I kiss you, and shall not be quite happy until I see you again. Yours ever. FANNIE.

A LETTER FROM BURKE.

A letter from Burke post-marked January 3, 1867, was addressed to "Fannie G. Willard, No. 140 Ninth avenue, city."

WEDNESDAY.—TWO P.M.

DEAR FANNIE.—I received your note, and I must say it surprised me not a little, as well from its brevity as its formality; but it was welcome—that is, the autograph, not the contents. I am not very well today, Fannie, and would not be able to stand the storm that awaits me, was it not for seeing you once more in order to have an understanding with you, but you have decreed otherwise, and I have nothing left to do but to quietly acquiesce; and I can assure you it will be the most wretched night of my life I have spent for the last eighteen months. However, I am egotistical enough to attribute it to a press of business connected with the fair, rather than an aversion on your part to see me. I know your sensitive nature must have been wounded in the extreme when you perused the cards I left on the table; but, dear, you must consider the state of my feelings on that occasion. It was very impudent of me to leave them after having seen you; but I hope and trust you will find it in your heart to forgive me, and I would not blame you if you never spoke to me again. O, Fannie! I earnestly hope it will not be your lot to suffer what I suffered on that evening. You, whom I would have gone through fire and water to serve, to leave me four long hours—every minute an age—my brain racked with a thousand conflicting emotions, a prey to that most agonizing of tortures, suspense. If it is your determination, Fannie, never to see me again, I suppose it would be useless for me to endeavor to dissuade you; or reverse your decision. But earnestly praying that there still exists a little kind affection for me, sufficient to grant me one more interview. That is but just, Fannie, as you promised to let me come to-night. But as it is not convenient for you, would you be pleased to write and state when you will be disengaged. Trusting this may meet a favorable response, and wishing you a happy New Year, I remain yours, ever, T. B.

OFFICER JACKSON'S TESTIMONY.

He stated that he belonged to the Sixteenth Precinct. About five minutes past five o'clock on Saturday night a boy told him that a lady was shot corner of Ninth avenue and Twenty-fifth street. He went to the house and found a man lying on the floor with a pistol lying near him. Found that three barrels had been discharged. Went to the back room, and found Mrs. Willard lying dead on the bed.

TESTIMONY OF DR. J. O. SHAW.

I have made a post-mortem examination of the body of the deceased now lying dead at this place; I find a pistol shot wound in the left shoulder, a second one in the left breast, one inch and a half from the median line, and three inches from the nipple; the ball passed through the heart and was found lodged in the posterior part of the body, near the spine; death, in my opinion, was caused by internal hemorrhage, the result of wounds.

VERDICT.

That Fannie G. Willard, the deceased, came to her death by a pistol shot wound in the hands of Thomas H. Burke, on the 5th day of January, 1867, corner of Ninth avenue and Twentieth street. Deceased was twenty-eight years of age, and a native of Connecticut.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LADY.

Fannie Willard was a lady whose vicissitudes of fortune were as painful as they were varied. She seems to have all the wildness and irregularity of genius, with the sad fatality which too often attends the fated girl. How women of genius have ever yet been happy from Sappho to L. E. Landon. In their lives, to use the words of Shelley:

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Mrs. Willard, or, more correctly speaking, Mrs. Seymour, was graduated at Springfield Seminary. She wrote poetry very early in life, but her first poem of any length was published in Springfield, Mass., and at an early age she wrote for the *Wavery Magazine*. About 1854 she ran away from her home, and got married to a man named Charles Seymour, a printer by profession, without her parents' consent. She and her husband subsequently went out West. He took to drinking, it is said, to excess, and she and he quarrelled, and they separated. While out West she, having been enterprising and industrious enough to have learned the printing business, worked on the Cleveland *Plaindealer* as a printer. After the separation from her husband she came on to New York and worked for Mr. William B. Chapin, of 34 Beekman street, as a printer, and in the same capacity for Mr. Henry Bessell, printer for the *Evangelist*, and also for the *Sunday Courier*. From [illegible] she passed on to the *Times*, and finally became connected with the *World*, and was for a time one of the editorial fraternity of that paper, where she was working when she met her untimely end.

She was a woman of singular fascination. Her dark, flashing eye gave full indication of the intellect which she possessed. She was lady-like, always dressed in the height of the fashion, but never in bad taste. In person she was rather above the middle size, of delicate build, and was somewhat inclined to be gay, and if she took a fancy to a man, she could lead him anywhere she pleased.

All must sympathize in the unmerited tragedy in its totality and individuality, it is one of the most painful events it has been our duty to record for some time.

One fact must contribute to the poor murdered woman's fame—her devotion to her child, which she worked to support a widowed mother and an orphan brother.

A Strange Case.

Alleged Blackmailing by a Bogus Detective.

An Interesting Defense.

A STORY OF MADISON PARK.

Sensational Developments Expected.

A case of considerable interest has been under examination before Justice Dowling at the Tombs Police Court, during the past week. The complainant, Thomas M. Taylor, charges Alfred Reither, a German, with having personated a detective officer, and extorted money from him under pain of arrest, and imprisonment in a prison cell. The charge was a lewd one, and the defendant demanded an examination. The day was set down, and the parties appeared. Counsellor Anthon appeared for Taylor, and Counsellor Goldey conducted the case on behalf of Reither. The complainant stated that on or about the 16th of August, he was standing near one of the entrances to the Madison Park, when he was rudely accosted by the defendant. Subsequently he called upon the complainant, but the latter refused to see him. Again he called, and sent up his card, but Taylor, claiming he did not know the man, refused to see him. Subsequently when he descended to the parlor, he met Reither, who wished to speak to Taylor in private. At last time Taylor was told he was wanted at the detective's office, and Reither exhibited a shield which he claimed was that of a detective policeman. Taylor wanted to settle the matter and paid Reither $10, with a promise to pay $90 more at a future day. A short time afterwards, Reither called again, and was shown to Taylor's room. There he received more money, and so the interviews continued, and the threats of arrest were reiterated until Reither had received $1,100 from Taylor, when the latter, unable longer to stand the strain upon his pocket book, lodged information with the police, which resulted in Reither's arrest.

These are the allegations of Taylor, but he does not forth upon what grounds, or what charge Reither, in his alleged character of a policeman, had assumed him, or for the suppression of what story of crime the "hush money" of $1,100 was paid.

Reither in his turn sets forth allegations, through his counsel, which rather place the character, and the allegations of Mr. Taylor in the shade. He claims that on a certain evening early in August, he was met in Madison Park by the complainant, who made advances to him and acted in a very strange manner. Shortly after at an invitation, Richter accompanied Taylor to the Everett House, when they entered a room, and there Taylor made most disgusting proposals to Reither, which the latter resented. Language were called for, and Reither declares that he was drugged. When he awoke he describes his feelings as of a very painful character, and alleges that Taylor had practised opium upon him while asleep, or under the effects of narcotics, the disgusting proposals he had made. Money was given to Reither to silence him, that he might not expose Taylor, and by some means he was inveigled to the house again, and the same scene was re-enacted. This state of affairs continued until Richter became disgusted, and told Taylor he would stand it no longer, and asserted that he would expose him. Thereupon Taylor became very excited, and offered Reither an amount of money which he accepted on condition that he would keep silent. Subsequently he was, much to his astonishment, arrested for personating an officer and blackmailing, and locked up at headquarters. While there, Reither claims that he was visited by Taylor and the chief of detectives, who used every exertion to induce him to sign a paper, which he refused to do, and obtaining possession of it, tore it into fragments, and threw it out of the window. These are the statements made by Reither.

The examination before Justice Dowling resulted in the committal of Reither in default of $1000 bail to await his trial at the Court of General Sessions. When the case is called some highly sensational developments will doubtlessly be made.

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR IN HUDSON STREET.

A Young Girl Accidently Shot.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF THE OCCURRENCE ON A YOUNG MAN.

A most melancholy and singular affair in its causes and effects, transpired on Saturday last, at No. 139 Hudson street, the details of which are thus related:

It appears that on the evening of the day in question a young girl, employed at the above number, which is used as a laundry, proceeded to an extension room built off the office for the purpose of making she bed of a clerk employed in the establishment. The young girl—Ann Agnew by name—who is about fourteen years of age, was engaged making the bed when a young lad, named Henry Seelle, about the same age, entered the room. He was engaged in some conversation with Ann, and while so engaged, roamed about the room. Advancing to the table he picked up a pistol which lay thereon, and made some laughable remark in relation to it. Simultaneous with this the revolver exploded, and a piercing shriek rang throughout the building, and the young girl fell to the floor, bleeding profusely from a wound in her shoulder. Young Leslie gazed stupefied upon the prostrate form of the girl for a moment, and then fled from the room.

The explosion of the pistol and the screams of the girl aroused the inmates of the house, who rushed to the room to learn the cause of difficulty. There the painful sight met their gaze. The police visited the place, and search was made for the young man. In the basement, lying upon his face in a miserable condition, they found him. Restoratives were applied, but he was only revived to be subjected to the most violent convulsions, in which he continued up to about half past 5 o'clock, having to be held down by two officers and one of the employes of the laundry, when he was removed to his home in East Broadway. Somnolents were freely administered, but the boy was periodically attacked, and it is feared that should the convulsions not have a fatal termination his constitution will through them have been greatly shattered.

The young girl was taken to the New York Hospital, where she now lies undergoing surgical treatment. The wound in her shoulder is not considered dangerous, as she has full use of her arm, and it is thought that the wound, although painful, will be of no vital importance as regards her life.

THE EIGHTH WARD MURDER.

IDENTIFICATION OF DECEASED.

Arrest of His Assassin

Coroner's Inquest.

In the last impression of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE we gave a long account of a brutal murder perpetrated at No. 46 Thompson street, where a man who was subsequently recognized as Charles Muller, an inoffensive being, was stabbed by two negroes on the night of Saturday, 29th ult., and received wounds from which he died.

Rather a curious fact is connected with the arrest of the parties. While

Domestic Criminal News.

Horrible Domestic Tragedy.

A WIFE MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND. HE ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

A horrible tragedy, says a Louisville, Ky. paper of the 29th ult., and one which has no equal in the annals of crime in our city, was brought to light yesterday morning—a wife being brutally murdered by her husband, who afterwards attempted to commit suicide, which attempt may prove effective, as at the time of the present writing the assassin and would-be-suicide is lying in a very precarious condition.

The author of the tragedy is John Perkins, a man 60 years of age, who, in addition to his murdered wife, has a family of five children. He has resided for a number of years in this city, and been a member of one of our leading religious denominations, and enjoyed the fullest confidence of all who knew him. For some eight years he was night watchman at the oil mill of Waters & Fox, and, it will be remembered, that a short time ago the firm, having missed various sums of money, set a trap to catch the thief who nightly entered their vault, little thinking at the time that their trusty friend, John Perkins, would fall into the hands of the officers; but such was the case, as he was caught in the very act of robbing the safe. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced before the circuit court of this county at the last term, to two years confinement in the state prison; but, on account of his old age and the dependency of his family, was pardoned by the government. The greatest sympathy was felt for the old man, and his friends hoped that he would return from the path of sin into which he had been allured, and again return to the path of honesty and rectitude, but in this their hopes were to be blasted, as will be seen from the sequel which follows below.

The place of the tragedy is a three-story brick house on Market street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, the family of Perkins occupying the second story and the rear room of the third. It was in the room that Mr. Perkins, his wife, one daughter and son slept, the eldest members of the family occupying the lower story. The room in which the bloody deed was enacted, was a small, dark one, and one well adapted for the perpetration of a crime without detection.

The particulars of the affair, that is, as it actually occurred, can be better understood by the testimony of the daughter of the deceased, the only witness examined before the coroner's jury, which is as follows:

Rosa Perkins, being sworn, testified that on Thursday her mother went out to spend the day, and, on her return home in the afternoon, her husband (Jno. Perkins) was very angry. They retired at the usual hour last night, nothing unusual transpiring, the witness and her brother occupying the same room as their parents. About 2 o'clock in the morning witness was awakened by her father talking in a loud voice to her mother, he standing by the bedside with a razor in his hand. The next she saw was her father strike her mother across the throat with the razor and heard her mother scream, "Oh! dear Rosa." Perkins then started towards witness, who seized her brother and ran towards the door, and, as she reached the same, her father said: "Look in the trunk and you will find the record which I have been preparing for some time." Perkins then, with his left hand, caught hold of his chin, and with his right drew the razor across his throat. The witness then gave the alarm to the inmates of the house, who at once hastened to the third story of the building. The scene after the tragedy was a most horrible one, the mother lying upon the bed a corpse with her throat cut from ear to ear, and by her side her life-companion weltering in his gore, the razor, the instrument which had let out the life-blood, lying on the floor. The scene of that room may be imagined, but cannot be described by the pen of an artist.

On examination into the trunk the record he referred to was no doubt found, in the shape of the following letter addressed to Florisa Perkins, his eldest daughter, which is as follows:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER—My heart is broken and filled with sorrow and trouble. I am compelled to go to extremes. I want you to take care of Charles too and William and do the best you can. I want you to be good children. Put Theodeore to a trade.

* * * * * * * *

"Now, Florisa, I will tell you what I got on the top and desk drawer of the office. I got $6,350, and that is all. I never got any in the safe. I am willing to sacrifice my life for my wrong.

* * * * * * * *

"Now, my children, put your trust in God for time to come. I am forced to go into extremes. You had better sell off the property. Get. B. C. Levy to assist you in selling. Farewell my children. "JOHN W. PERKINS.

"This morning (Christmas) is my last day with you. This morning, when I waked up, I asked your mother for a Christmas gift. She said she had none. I told her a kiss would do, to which she strenuously refused, which mortified my feelings, for I asked it in love from my heart."

To the latter portion of the letter there was no signature, which would lead one to the belief that he had been contemplating the tragedy for several days, and had written the letter at different times. It is generally believed that Perkins was deranged, which derangement was occasioned by his trial and conviction for his offence against Waters & Fox's.

The portions of the letter which we omit publishing, and which are marked by stars, refer to some family matters and reflections upon other parties engaged at the mill.

The old man, at a late hour last night, was in a very precarious condition, with but little hopes entertained for his recovery. The tragedy, all in all, is one of the most melancholy and horrible that we have been called upon to record for a long time, the murdered wife being forty-one years of age, while the husband, over whose head sixty winters had passed, and who should against the assassin have shut the door, and not himself bore the knife, became the murderer.

Terrible Tragedy at New Ulm, Minn.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE SHOCKING AFFAIR.

THE BODIES OF THE SLAUGHTERED MEN NOT YET FOUND.

From late Mankato papers, we gather the subjoined details of one of the most horrible deeds of murder that ever occurred in that heretofore peaceful region:—

It appears that on Christmas day, the citizens of New Ulm and vicinity were celebrating that day; as is usual on such occasions, many drunk to excess and drunken half-crazed men were abundant.

About noon on that day, Mr. Alexander Campbell and George Liscom, of this place—lately soldiers in Company H. Second Minnesota Infantry—arrived at New Ulm, en route for this place, on their return from a trapping expedition in the vicinity of Leavenworth, Brown county. They stopped at New Ulm, probably with the intention of staying until next morning; and as might be expected, considering their surroundings, and the fact that they had been on the frontier some time, they concluded to join in the festivities, and with this intention they visited Messrs. Zeihr & Houenstein's saloon. Here they drank several times, and having met an old soldier comrade, were having a jovial time. During the intervals between drinks, one report says, they were imitating Indian dances, flourishing their knives and so on, but all good naturedly, and not interfering with or molesting any other persons. Spinner drummed for them on a kettle. They again called for something to drink, and the barkeeper says that supposing they had not paid, Liscom was put out of the back door. There being other parties outside, Campbell started to go out to him, and Spinner took hold of and tried to prevent him from getting out. During the scuffle Campbell stabbed him. The knife entered his left leg, on the inside and near the hip joint, severing the main or femular artery, and cutting a gash an inch or two in width.

Placing his hand upon the wound to stop the flow of blood, Spinner called to persons standing by to save him something with which to defend himself, and they gave him a hatchet. With this he struck at Liscom, hitting him on the right side of the face between the the nose and eye, and inflicting a severe and fatal wound. Repeating the blow, Liscom was felled to the ground. Then, turning, Spinner made for Campbell with the hatchet, and the barkeeper says he struck him, but not with sufficient force to inflict serious injury. When questioned as to Campbell's reason for wanting to go out, he said he did not know the reason, nor why Spinner wanted to keep him in. This occurred between two and three o'clock. This version of the affair was given to the committee of citizens sent from this place.

Both Liscom and Campbell attempted to make their escape, but were pursued and captured by the crowd. Campbell inquired for the Sheriff, and that officer being present, the boys called upon him to protect them. Both were then taken to the jail—Liscom supported and assisted along to two men—where they were handcuffed and closely confined.

Soon after they were imprisoned, a mob of drunken and excited men, variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred and fifty men, surrounded the jail, broke it open, and rescued the prisoners. Still handcuffed, and one of them—Liscom—mortally wounded, they were brought out. Instantly they were assaulted by the infuriated mob, with clubs and sticks of cordwood, ropes placed around their necks, and dragged through the streets. Liscom was beaten to death, and while being dragged along. Campbell was stabbed three or four times by a drunker soldier of Company A. Tenth Regular Infantry, stationed at Fort Ridgley. The two men—one dead and the other rendered insensible by beating and stabbing—their bodies, mangled and bleeding, were hung up, amid the clamor and shoutings of the infuriated mob.

While this terrible outrage was being perpetrated, no effort was made by the officers of the law to protect the manacled men, and all present, excepting perhaps a dozen persons, participated in the cowardly and brutal murder.

Mr. John Merrill, the man who brought Campbell and Liscom to New Ulm with his team, attempted to interfere and appealed to the mob to spare the life of Campbell, who had done nothing to merit such a fate, but he was told that unless he would leave and keep still they would serve him the same way. Being alone and comparatively powerless, Merrill was forced to desist and quietly witness the murder of his two comrades.

The bodies were hung up at or near the jail. This took place about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and as late as twelve o'clock the same night they were still hanging, Mr. Merrill and Mr. Geo. Owens, of Butternut Valley, of this county, both at New Ulm at the time of the hanging, watched the bodies until that hour, but the night being very cold, they were compelled to absent themselves for a time to warm, and during their absence the remains were taken down and concealed at some place to them unknown.

The Misfortunes of a Bridal Couple.

EXTRAORDINARY DOINGS IN A WASHINGTON HOTEL.

About four weeks ago, says the Washington, (D. C.) *Star* of the 4th inst., a young gentleman, who gave his name as Nye, appeared at the boarding house of Mr. Park, on C street, between 2d and 3d streets, with a young lady whom he represented as his wife, and asked to see the rooms. The keeper of the house showed the pair several rooms, and finally they chose the back parlor, into which the young man had a piano placed for the lady, and soon they were living quite comfortably. The young man, as also the lady, informed the other occupants of the house that they had recently been married, and that he being a mail agent, couldn't be home during the day. He appeared to be very regular in his habits, and was at home every evening, and in a short time they were looked upon by their fellow-boarders as quite an acquisition. Christmas times came, and the couple mixed with the others in the amusements gotten up in the house, and seemed to enjoy the fun amazingly; but on New Year's eve there came a change. The occupants of the house had mostly retired about 10 o'clock, not feeling inclined "to watch the New Year in"—but were destined to have precious little sleep. About 11 o'clock the jingling of the door bell awoke some of the occupants, and the servant found at the door a stout middle-aged lady, accompanied by an able-bodied young man. They informed the servant that the lady was the mother and the gentleman the brother of Mrs. Nye, who they wished to see, and asked which was the room of the couple. The servant designated the room in question, and started up stairs, but had not gone many steps before screams of "murder" from the room awoke the house. The proprietor, Mr. Park, sprung out of bed and hastily attempted to change his night-shirt for thicker apparel, but the frequency of the cries and the din from the room induced him to disregard all laws of etiquette, and down stairs he went to the room in question, followed by some of the boarders. Here they found that Mr. and Mrs. Nye had been hauled from bed, the former by the big brother and the latter by the mother of the lady. The young man was walking into Mr. N. with a stout stick, which he used mostly on his victim's head, and he finding discretion the better part of valor, made break for the window, carrying the greater portion of the window-sash with him, and took refuge in the stable. While this was going on the mother had her daughter over her knee and was applying raw hide to raw hide, giving her, in the language of a witness, "Hail Columbia." The spectators thinking that there should be moderation in all things, interposed and stopped this castigation, and heard the explanations of the parties, from which it appeared that the daughter had been recently married to a gentleman in New York and had run away from him and came here, taking up with Mr. Nye, who had been a former lover.

The mother and son were induced to leave the house, and the daughter retired to bed, suffering smartly from the effects of the cowhiding, and Mr. Nye came out of his hiding place in the stable after the coast was clear.

The trouble was not all over yet, however, and in about an hour there was another ring of the door bell. The servant was admonished to be careful who she let in, and opened the door ajar, when the former visitors pushed forcibly past her, and immediately went to the room of Mr. and Mrs. Nye, when the brother dragged the former from the bed and gave him another tremendous whacking, continuing to apply the stick until he was stopped by the proprietor of the house and boarders, who went to the rescue. At this visit the mother did not use the hide, but while the son was attacking Nye, gave the daughter a terrible tongue lashing. As before, the boarders requested them to leave the house, which invitation they finally complied with. On turning their attention to the injured man, they found that he was badly cut, and took him to a neighboring drug store, where his wounds were dressed.

The following morning, the young couple doubtless thinking that their quarters were getting too hot for them, quietly left the house, and the following day their baggage was sent for by the porter of a hotel; the piano being left as a security for the board bill.

A Melancholy Romance.

BROTHER AND SISTER—A STRANGE AND SAD MEETING AFTER YEARS OF SEPARATION.

From a Detroit paper of the 27th ult., we make the subjoined extract, telling a tale as harrowing as ever emanated from the fertile brain of the novelist: About the year 1857, a young and rather handsome girl named Sarah Lyttle, then residing at Toronto, C. W., was seduced by an actor named Thompson, and, very naturally, after being discarded by the man who accomplished her ruin, fell into all sorts of debauchery. She slowly but surely treaded an immoral path and plunged deeper and deeper into sin and iniquity. Her father and mother, sorrowing for her departure from a life of rectitude, died of broken hearts, and an only brother, choosing not to live in a community where his sister was regarded as an outcast, went to another locality, and was finally engaged as a teacher at Chatham, C. W. Sarah Lyttle in the meantime removed to Detroit, and became an inmate of one of the lowest and vilest dens here. For years she oscillated between this city, Port Huron and Saginaw, and has served several terms in the house of correction. She was known among the *habitues* of the police court as "Saginaw Moll," and was regarded by that class as a poor, miserable creature, without one redeeming quality. On Monday night she, in company with another woman of equally bad reputation, was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and taken to the station-house, at which placed she entertained—if we may be permitted to use the word—a crowd of loafers, thieves, etc., with her coarse vulgarity and blackguardism. During the night a man, who was very loth to give his name—a man who had seen better days—came to the city by the Great Western railway, and, being without money or friends, sought an asylum for the time being in the station. He appeared downcast, and for a long time, paid little attention to what was going on around him. Finally, however, his sense of duty compelled him to reprove Sarah Lyttle for the outrageous language she was using. She took umbrage at this interference with what she evidently considered her prerogative, and launched a tirade of abuse against him that was sufficient to quail the stoutest heart. She accompanied her filthy language with a movement toward her lodger, and the latter, after a moment's hesitation, exclaimed, "My sister!" and sought protection of the doorman at the station. It was at first thought he was insane, but a subsequent investigation revealed the fact that the debauched woman who was an occupant of the quarters was none other than his sister. He proved to be the brother referred to above, who left Toronto, preferring not to live where he was constantly reminded of the conduct of the principal subject of this notice. Sarah Lyttle, although reeking in filth and wretchedness, stooped over the now prostrate form of her brother, and attempted to console him in his hour of sadness, but he, after recovering his senses, refused to listen to her, and discarded he, forever. At this, apparently, to her unexpected turn in the tide of affairs, her rage knew no bounds, and the abuse that she then heaped upon him was fearful to think of. In the morning he was permitted to go where he pleased, and his debauched sister was sent up for sixty days.

Murder in Washington Co., Pa.

SUPPOSED HOMICIDE BY POISONING—A WOMAN ACCUSED OF THE CRIME—SHE IS ARRESTED.

We find the following in a late Washington (Pa.) Co. paper, which presents a specimen of Grinderism on a limited scale: Before our community had time to recover from the shock produced by the murder of Mr. Dinsmore on the night of the 4th inst., it was startled afresh by the announcement that another horrible crime, resulting in death, had been perpetrated in the eastern part of the county, the victim being Mr. Augustus Wells, a respected citizen of East Pike Run township, who came to his death a few days ago by means of poison alleged to have been administered by Mrs. Mary E. Crumrine. The facts, as far as we have been able to learn them, are as follows:

Mrs. Crumrine, being an orphan, was adopted into the family of Mr. Andrew Gregg, who lived for a time in Greenfield, and afterwards in a little place called Granville, about a mile distant. Mr. Gregg died a few years ago, and some time afterwards his widow was married by Augustus Wells, the deceased. Mrs. Crumrine had grown up to womanhood, and though she had been kindly treated and properly cared for, her conduct had become anything else than exemplary, and upon the marriage of Mr. Wells with her adopted mother, it soon became evident to him that she was not a fit person to have about the house, and it is stated that he ordered her off. She accordingly left, but would occasionally return and remain for a time, engaging during her stay in some of the household duties. While thus going back and forth, she married a man named Crumrine who went to the army, but in the course of time came back sick or disabled, and died shortly after his return. She still persisted in returning occasionally to the home of Mr. Wells, at Granville, and prolonging her visits there much against his wishes. On one occasion while she was there, Mr. Wells, after partaking of his breakfast, was taking suddenly ill with vomiting and violent pain, from which, however, he recovered in a short time without suspecting that anything was wrong. Some considerable time afterwards he had another attack of the same kind, from the effects of which he continued to sink until his death, which occurred last week.

His symptoms having been such as to excite suspicion, a post mortem examination was made, resulting in the firm conviction that he had been poisoned. The facts brought out on the investigation being such as tended to implicate Mrs. Crumrine, she was accordingly arrested and committed to jail to await her trial.

Four Men and Two Women Severely Wounded.

AN AFFRAY BETWEEN NEGROES AND WHITES.

An attentive correspondent at Norfolk, Va., sends us the following account of a terrible and bloody affray at Portsmouth: About eight o'clock on Thursday night, soon after the dismissal of the night watch for their respective beats, the cry of "watch! watch! help! help!" was heard in the direction of Gosport Bridge, and the clamor of turbulent voices distinctly evidenced the progress of a fearful street fight. The watch in the vicinity hurriedly ran to the scene of conflict, and found the fight going on in the bar-room called the "Star Saloon," kept by a mulatto man by the name of Chas. W. Clark. The Lieutenant of the watch, Mr. William Hughes, and a posse of the police made a rush on the combatants, whom they found to be whites and negroes, and succeeded in making several arrests, including Clark and his barkeepers, a big, strapping, fiendish-looking negro, and carried them off to the lock-up for examination this morning.

The scene that presented itself after the turbulence was suppressed proved that the fight was one of extraordinary violence, and, judging from the results, one of the narrowest possible escapes from an act of murder. Three men were stabbed and murderously beaten by the stalwart negroes. Mr. Robert Reed was cut in the neck and ear and terribly beaten on the back of the head with some heavy instrument; Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, of Norfolk, had his throat cut from the ear, in the direction of the windpipe, about three inches on the left side; Mr. Thos. Fergerson, of Norfolk, was badly cut in the neck and head; John Francis, a negro, was cut severely about the head; Clark's wife was badly hurt by being thrown over the bridge.

The "Star Saloon" was completely riddled. Every vestige of furniture, ornament, bar fixtures, glass ware, &c., were smashed into fragments, and, in the opinion of a witness, decanters, bottles, and glass ware generally, were three inches deep behind the counter. Bricks, stones, and every conceivable missile, were hurled at the negro fighters, knocking some of them clear into the marsh behind the house.

The young men who were wounded were taken in charge by their friends, conveyed to places of privacy, and there had their wounds attended to by good surgical skill, after which they were removed to their homes.

For a while after the occurrence, the wildest rumors and most intense excitement prevailed throughout the city. Whispers of men having their throats cut and being thrown overboard by the negroes, and all sorts of exaggerations, were ventilated by the alarmists, but happily such deeds of violence were without foundation.

Several hours after the occurrence, the bar-room of Clark, in which this violence took place, was discovered to be on fire, but whether this had any connection with the previous riot, we are unable to say. The flames soon consumed the bar-room, and communicating to adjoining buildings, burned four tenements before its fury was spent. The property destroyed belonged to the Maupin estate, and was occupied as follows: Mrs. Martha Hopper, junk store; Mrs. Bell, bar and eating house; Charles W. Clark, bar-room; John Francis, barber shop.

There was no insurance on the property. The fire apparatus was on the ground, but could do no good for want of hose to conduct water, which was within a few feet of the burning pile.

Another Tragedy in Tennessee.

A NASHVILLE CORONER KILLED IN A STREET FIGHT —RAKING UP OLD SORES THE CAUSE.

The citizens of Nashville, Tenn., were thrown into great excitement on the 28th ult. by the report, brought on the Somerville accommodation train, that Coroner Erickson, of Nashville, was killed in a personal encounter with a young man, named Burton, at Somerville, on Thursday, the previous day.

The particulars of the affair are given thus in the local papers: Mr. Erickson lived at that town, which is about fifty miles from the city, previous to the war. He held the office of constable in that village, and for aught we have heard was a good citizen. When the war broke out he held his position until the Federals took Memphis, when he fled to this city, and afterward brought his family. Subsequently he acted as a guide for Federal scouting parties in the vicinity of Somerville, and, it is alleged, persecuted some of his old neighbors with great violence, and among others a family named Burton. Subsequently Mr. Erickson became Coroner in this city. Recently he bought a place at Somerville, and last Wednesday moved his family out to it. On Thursday he met a young man named James Burton on the sidewalk, when the fatal affray occurred. The immediate commencement of the affair, it seems, was not witnessed by any one but themselves.

One version is that Erickson was expecting an attack from Burton, and drew his pistol first in anticipation. It is generally agreed that a short, fierce struggle took place, each of the parties having a derringer pistol in his hand. Both pistols were fired, and almost, not quite, simultaneously. The shots took effect upon the person of Mr. Erickson, one entering his head near the upper part of the jaw, and the other entering his body lower down. Mr. Erickson fell instantly, and died in a short time, without scarcely speaking a word.

It is a mystery to us how both shots struck Mr. Erickson. One report is that Burton was discovered with both the pistols in his hands when Erickson fell, and that he said he had fired both the pistols. One report is that Burton had Erickson around the neck; that as the latter drew his pistol Burton shot him with his own pistol, and snatching Erickson's pistol from his hand, shot him with that one also before he fell to the ground. The affair created much excitement. No arrest had been made at last accounts.

The Old Story.

LOVE, DESERTION AND SUICIDE.

We clip the subjoined mention of another of life's tragedies, from a Cairo, (Ill.,) paper of the 14th ult.: A few brief months ago, Josephine Smith was an innocent, light-hearted, happy country girl, living with her friends in the upper part of this county, surrounded by relatives and the playmates of her youth. In an evil hour this girl came to the city, determined to work out a brighter and higher destiny than she believed awaited her in her simple rural home.

She came to this city, and sought and found employment in one of our millinery stores, and here she worked faithfully and diligently, rapidly mastering all the mysteries of the business, and, by her quick judgment, excellent taste, and modest lady-like deportment, soon won the affection and esteem of all with whom she associated. Unfortunately for her, she made the acquaintance of a young man, whose gentlemanly attentions, kindly sympathy, and apparent manly frankness roused in her breast the holiest, purest and deepest feeling that ever swells the female heart. Several months of these assiduous attentions placed the too confiding girl completely in the power of the destroyer, and only when it was too late, did she wake from her dream, to realize the fact that she was deceived and deserted. The anguish of that poor, broken-hearted victim, that now lies mute in death, is known only to Him who reads all secrets.

She had deliberately supplied herself with a quantity of morphine, which she swallowed last Monday afternoon, and it was only after the drug had began to do its fatal work, did her friends for a moment suspicion that she had poisoned herself. A physician was promptly called, and everything possible done to relieve her, but all in vain. She expired in great agony at 12 o'clock Monday night.

A Negro Prisoner Lynched in Kentucky.

A correspondent of a Louisville paper, writing from Danville, Ky., Dec. 25th, says: Yesterday evening, about five o'clock, the quiet of the town was abruptly broken by the discharge of a pistol at the corner of Second and Main streets, which attracted to that point an immense crowd of excited persons, of both colors and both sexes, to ascertain the cause of the irregularity.

It appears that a negro man, Al. McRobards, had made a huge effort to take the life of W. A. Harne, an officer of the law. He shot at Harne twice, both of which took effect, though not inflicting a serious injury. The officer finally succeeded in getting the best of the negro, with the aid of a large club, and, with the assistance of some other constable, lodged him in jail. This, I supposed, would be the last of the matter until legal investigation could be had, judging from the quiet that prevailed in a few moments after the prisoner was secured, and seeing that all were again enjoying the usual Christmas-eve hilarities.

But in this conjecture I, at least, was disappointed; for scarcely had the "god of dreams" encircled me before the full tones of the courthouse bell aroused me from my dreamy rest, as to o'clock precisely—which was a premonition that "Judge Lynch" had business on hand. I did not go to see, but concluded to bide my time, and so I did until this morning. The judge, with his officers, went to the jail and took the negro "aforementioned" and hanged him by the neck until dead on a large elm tree in the old Presbyterian church-yard, at the west end of Main street, Danville, Ky. This boy was a desperate fellow, having made several attempts before this to kill several persons, and did slay a negro at South Danville a few days since, for which crime he had not been punished.

The proprietors of the three principal hotels in Boston, were arraigned before the Municipal Court, on the charge of violating the liquor law, and were fined fifty dollars each, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. An appeal was taken, and bonds given for future appearance.

A horrible murder was perpetrated in Oil City, Pa., week before last, John Rickey murdered his wife by striking her repeated blows on the head with a stick of wood. They were both drunk at the time, as was habitual with them. The husband confessed to the murder, saying, however, that he had no intention of killing the woman when he struck her.

In the Rensselaer (N. Y.) Co. Court, Ed. Jones, James Fitzpatrick and Adelia Drake, were tried for the murder of John Grace of Bennington. They were acquitted.

Hiram Coon, the alleged brutal murderer of Mrs. Laker of Petersburgh, N. Y., will be put on trial this month.

James Tellow, an insolvent debtor, is in jail at Boston in default of seventy thousand dollars, to await trial for secreting his account books and eighty thousand dollars in money from his assignees.

The convicts in the New Jersey State Prison pub lish a little paper which they call *The Sunbeam*. Pity they should be sufficient talent in a Sate Prison to conduct a paper no matter how diminutive.

Some short time since a beastly affair took place in Idaho City between two men named Stock and Kearney. Stock lost a piece of one finger, while Kearney had his nose bitten completely off, almost smooth with his face.

Rev. I. R. Dunn, of Louisville, has just entered into an engagement with the State of Indiana, to make shoes five years. Previous to which he ruined Miss Nellie Barrison, of Indianapolis.

One J. C. Slocum, a doctor and a defeated candidate for the Indiana Legislature at Shelbyville, recently became defendant in a seduction and breach suit. The prosecutrix was Miss Mary Este, a full blooded daughter of Africa. The suit was settled by the doctor wedding the negress.

Richard Seldon, implicated in the west Troy rape case, has been sentenced to State Prison for twelve years and four months.

Mena Werckal, a servant, gave birth to a child, in St. Louis, last week, and threw it into a privy-vault. The mother was arrested and sent temporarily to the hospital.

A man named George Chambers has just been convicted at Titusville, Pa., for placing obstructions on the Oil Creek railroad track.

Thirty persons are in the State Prison at Nevada, and as a proof of their intelligence, it is stated that every one of them can play draw poker.

Toronto Correspondence.

TORONTO, Canada West, Dec. 26, 1866.

Having just returned from a few weeks sojourn in Cincinnati, I thought a sketch of things as I saw them there might not prove uninteresting to some of your readers, and consequently I drop a line or two.

Of the "bruisers" and "burners" of creation, Cincinnati has its share, of that no doubt exists in the minds of any one there.

Jim Ruffau and his organized party of "fly-cops," are on hand at the time and manage to keep things in pretty good shape, considering what they have to attend to; but a heap is going on blind to them. We paid a visit to the crib kept by the "moll" of Lou. Lambert, the party that made off to your city a few weeks ago, with a thousand or two of the "moll's" "blunt," and got shot while there and was sent back. Since his arrival he has laid beside his "old moll," trying to sweeten her, but she blows her bugle outside, and says Louis can't do it, and she is going to shake the dog as soon as he is able to come down with a few more "chucks." This "moll" keeps a "dive" on Plumb street, in "Nigger Row." The inhabitants of this place being both white and black of the lowest class. Lambert is a returned convict, and has for a few years been pimping there and living on the ill-gotten gains of these women of miscellaneous colors; the only other man that makes his home and living in a similar way is that locality, is one Bill Martin, alias the "Buck," one of the largest and most uncouth looking sons of Africa you ever beheld—but they say Lou. rather gets the best of the nigger.

On taking a walk around the dingy city, we were shown a couple of "bruisers" and "crackmen," Johnnie London and Jack Thompson, who were lately made to offer up a "half century" each, for assaulting a policeman on his beat. The latter is said to have served a term of ten "stretches" for murder somewhere, and is the same man connected with the "Bristol Bill give away," at Toronto, Canada.

All the old "molls" in town have the by-word "Lend me a dollar till I see Stofe" This you hear from every month as you enter a tea—what it means puzzled us some, but all was made easy by my pilot, who showed me a couple of "blokes," Stofe Moore and Goddy Martin. This brace always lived just as they do now, and have often been pulled for professional loafers, but got off by making it appear they were the only support of widowed mothers—I mourn for the widows. Stofe was never known to have more than seventy-five cents at once, and is always trying to borrow a stamp, and the "molls," fearing he might be around, try to make the polite request, before he could have a chance—hence the by-word.

Richard Haregrave, alias "Slippery Dick," alias "Gassy Dick," whom we pulled with two or three others for a $7,000 job, got out of it on a plea of insanity made by his friends, who avowed that he was not responsible for his doings at all times. Dick is an old one, but they got him foul at last. He was foolish enough to "guy the cops," and laugh out "how are you, insanity?" when they thought he was getting bad, and sent him over to the Lunatic Asylum till he gets better. I wonder how "Slippery" likes the "loons?"

Hutchens, the Museum man, is still practicing his "feuklry faking" to a wonderful extent. A "bloke" squealed for a cool thousand, a day or two ago, I don't know how they made it, but I can guess, for—"Hutch" has lots of soap. But the crowd of thieves and garroters that he has hanging around, are getting to be a terror to many who would like to visit those places if they could with safety.

Bill Shay, alias "Buck Shay," arrived in the city a short time ago after serving three "stretches" in Jeffersonville, Ind., and was immediately pulled for a "super" he "grabbed" in a "push" be fore his imprisonment at old Jeff. He will probably go over again. Jim Connelly, the expert thief and confidence man, one of the best in the biz, is now in town laying low; somethings's in the wind. Look out, Jeems' eyes are on you.

An obscene sheet, the "Run Around," was "busted up," by order of Bob McGraw, Chief, and several arrested for the publication thereof, but no one hurt. The Vine street lager beer "break-a-day's" are filled to overflowing with the worst looking lot of "buzzards" I ever saw collected together. I wonder that they are allowed to He around and practice their evil deeds in such public places, and right in sight of every one, without even the interruption of any of those "cops" said to be "fly."

On my way home I saw an old Toronto "head," Sam Davis. He hangs out at Cleveland with the "moll" (Em Watson) well known here and in Detroit, having shot a man there a year or two ago. They keep a bad old "lush drum," and a couple of "bull pens" and think they are pretty well fixed. For fear of intruding too much upon your space. I will leave all matters at home to our old stand by "Rambler." I think I shall visit Buffalo soon, and may furnish you another item or two.

Yours, etc., SMALL BOY.

Foreign Criminal News.

A CURIOUS SEDUCTION CASE.

The Parties To It Are First Cousins.

SHOCKING DEVELOPEMENTS OF YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

In the Court of Queen's Bench (England), last Michaelmas term, a very extraordinary case came up for trial before Mr. Justice Shee and a jury. It was entitled Ransom vs. Hanton. As it possesses considerable interest we append a summary of the evidence:

The plaintiff, a grocer and beer-shop keeper at Ashley, near Newmarket, brought this action against defendant, who is his wife's nephew and cousin of his daughter Elizabeth, aged about seventeen. The alleged seduction was effected, according to the girl's statement, in a dog-cart, as the defendant was driving her home from Newmarket, one night in January last. The following evidence was given:

Elizabeth Ransom said: I am the plaintiff's daughter; we formerly lived at Ashley, near Newmarket; defendant, who is my cousin, lives in a house adjoining, and manages his mother's business; in January last I went to Newmarket with my cousin, Miss Peacock, to the defendant; Miss Peacock, however, remained at Newmarket, and I left with the defendant in his dog-cart about six o'clock in the evening. Witness entered into further particulars. My sister Anna, when I got home, made some remark to me; I afterwards went to tea with my grandmother, who lives next door to the defendant; on the 28th of March I saw the defendant near the Crown Inn; I objected to his going home with me, but he followed me and endeavored to insult me again; I got away from him on that occasion; when some time afterwards he was driving me in his gig he asked me if I was in the family-way; I declined to inform him, but on my making a communication to my sister Anna, my father wrote a letter to the defendant; he used to come to our house nearly every evening; he told my mother on one occasion how bad I looked, and said he should have to take me to a watering-place; it was after that my sister questioned me; after my father wrote to the defendant he called; I ran upstairs; he followed me into the room and shut the door; he asked my mother to send me away and he would pay all the expenses, but she said she could not; I was confined on the 11th of October, and the defendant is the father of my child; when I called to see my aunt in the summer of 1865, she was out, and defendant locked the door and pulled me about; I ran to the window and said that somebody was coming, and that he would catch it; he then unfastened the door and I ran away.

Cross-examined—I have been on very intimate terms with my cousin; he had plenty of opportunities of seeing me; I frequently saw him after his attempt in the summer of 1865; I never walked with him after dark or rode with him before January; notwithstanding the attempt he made in 1865, I was obliged to ride home with him in January, 1866; it is a small dog-cart; the horse was a thorough-bred one, and did not require a whip; my face was towards the splashboard, which is about a foot and a half high; I was leaning on the splashboard; I struggled a good deal, and called out lustily; he held my wrists the whole of the time.

The plaintiff was then cross-examined with great severity and minuteness with regard to her conduct with other men, but she positively denied that she had been with any other person than the defendant.

The plaintiff's sister stated that the plaintiff came home on the night in question crying, with her clothes torn and disordered; defendant had offered to pay all the expenses of the confinement, if her mother would send her away for two or three years.

The plaintiff's mother denied that she had endeavored to get a pecuniary settlement from the defendant.

Mr. O'Malley addressed the jury for the defendant. He said that if the defendant had been guilty of anything, it was a felony, for which he should have been proceeded against criminally, and not by civil action for damages by the father for loss of his daughter's services. He contended that they could not convict the defendant upon the girl's unsupported evidence. She had detailed such an extraordinary story that no one could believe it. The defendant denied her statement most positively, and would swear that her story, on any occasion, had any improper intimacy with her or attempted it.

The defendant was called and deposed: I live with my mother, and manage 70 acres of ground for her; Elizabeth Ransom's mother and my mother are sisters; I met her accidentally the day alleged in the street, at Newmarket, when she asked me to let her ride home with me; I assented; there had been no previous arrangement; we live four miles from Newmarket; we left Newmarket about seven o'clock in the evening; I drove about nine or ten miles an hour, and never slackened my pace the whole of the way; nothing whatever improper occurred between us; when we got home she went into my mother's house; I went and took my horse out, and on my return I found her with my mother; I left here there and parted good friends with her; I did not on that occasion ask her to go into the stable with me; when I came back from Gazeleigh she was gone; the dashboard of the dog-cart is a low one, and there is a partition in the cart under the seat; I never went into a room with her at my mother's house, drew down the blind, and locked the door; I never there or at any time attempted to assault her; there is no truth whatever in her statement with reference to it; between the time of the alleged assault and the time at which I was charged by the mother I drove her home from Newmarket; she never said a word to me about it; I noticed she looked ill between January and August, but I never suggested that she should be sent away, or that I would take her away anywhere.

Wm. Wade, thatcher, deposed to the defendant and Elizabeth Ransom passing him between Halfway Bush and Bottle's plantation; they both wished him good night; he heard them half a mile before he came up, and for about three-quarters of a mile after he had passed; he appeared to be going an even pace of nine miles an hour.

Geo. Wm. Peacocke: I reside in Clarence-road, Bow; I am clerk to Messrs. Fitch and Fitch, solicitors; I am eighteen years of age, and nephew to the defendant, and the plaintiff's wife is my greataunt; I know Bessy Ransom; I have known her for nine or ten years; I have been intimate with her at least twenty times; she has told me of her having been intimate with others; I took me the names of several; I left the neighborhood in November, 1865; I know Dalham-wood and Dalham-park; some time before I left I was near those places with a girl named Ship, Josh. Hanton, and Bessy Ransom and Louis Woods; she went into the wood with Woods, but before going she made a remark to me. (The observation was so coarse that it is impossible to give it in print.) He was intimate with her mostly in her father's house, and it commenced when he was about seven or eight years old; this continued up to October, 1865.

Joseph Hasten, known as "the General," was next called. His appearance in the box, from his diminutive size and boyish appearance, caused expressions of surprise from the audience. He said: Next August I shall be sixteen years of age; I know Bessy Ransom; in the summer of 1864 I was at my grandmother's; she always goes to bed about three o'clock; I was in the garden with Bessy Ransom. (The witness detailed the conduct that took place between them, such as has never been detailed in a court of justice.)

Joseph Wade: I am a thatcher, cousin to Wm. Wade; I met George Hanton near the defendant's house one evening, and we watched Bessy Ransom and Geo. Peacocke's conduct. (Witness described what took place.) Where he saw them was about 100 yards from her father's house, and six or seven yards from the defendant's house.

Mr. M. Chambers proposed to call evidence to show the girl's general good conduct in answer to the evidence that had been produced against her on the part of the defendant.

Mr. O'Malley objected, and after some argument Mr. Chambers withdrew his proposition.

Mr. Justice Shee summed up the case, and the jury retired at six o'clock. They, at eight o'clock, sent to say there was not the least chance of their agreeing to a verdict. The learned judge declined to discharge them before ten o'clock, should they not agree in the meantime. Ten o'clock having arrived without the jury coming to a decision, they were discharged.

ENGLISH COURT OF DIVORCE.

CHICHESTER AND WIFE VS. COBB.

The plaintiff, Mr. George Augustus Hamilton Chichester, son of Lord Edward Chichester, Dean of Raphoe, and his wife, sued the defendant, Mr. Cobb, a gentleman residing at Kensington, to recover the sum of £300 in consideration of his marrying the defendant's daughter. The plaintiff pleaded first, that he did not promise, and further, that before the alleged breach of contract it was mutually rescinded.

The plaintiff's case was, that in the early part of 1865, he made the acquaintance of Miss Mary Ann Williams Cobb at her brother's in Jermyn street, when he made her an offer. In July the matter was communicated to the defendant for his approval, and Mr. Chichester accepted an invitation to dinner with him and his daughter at Kensington, to talk over and arrange what provision would be necessary to make for the plaintiff's future wife. After dinner the subject was introduced, when Mr. Chichester informed the defendant that he had no pecuniary means, and that he could not make any provision for his wife until after his father's death, and he became possessed of the property. Defendant said he could only give his daughter £300 on her marriage, as property which she had under a marriage settlement, dated